

THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE

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*SIR LESLIE STEPHEN.*

*In Memoriam.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

Not a few of us have lost in Leslie Stephen a wise and generous spirit—one who recalls to us forty years of strenuous devotion to letters, a memory which goes back to the stalwart men of the mid-Victorian epoch—those spacious days of Mill and Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, Matthew Arnold and Stevenson, Tennyson and Browning, Bright and Gladstone. They are all gone. And he who knew them all, and at times interpreted them to us and at times would wrestle with them himself, is gone to join them in the great Temple of Peace and Conciliation—where those who have taught aright speak still with a more solemn voice, and, by some mysterious influence, speak henceforth with a more mellow and harmonious voice.

As, on Wednesday, February 24 last, in the sombre chapel at Hendon, the coffin stood on the bier in its violet covering before the portal of the crematorium, the profound silence was charged deep with a thousand memories to the friends who were gathered for the last time around him. There were men and women who had grown to age in close touch with him—who had worked with him, worked for him, argued with him, received help from him, enjoyed life with him, who had loved him, whom he had loved—men who had served the State, or served the people, who had governed provinces, formed schools, written their names in the roll of statesmanship, literature, and science for the best part of two generations. Stephen's last book, composed, we might say, on his very death-couch, appeared to the public almost on the day of his

funeral. He died literally in harness, as the Roman emperor said a general should die, erect and in his armour. But the inner memory of Leslie Stephen will remain for us his coevals as a stalwart of the mid-Victorian age.

I have been asked for a few reminiscences of Stephen, more especially as to his relations to this magazine, begun by his father-in-law, W. M. Thackeray, and to the enterprising house with which he was so long associated. Without pretending to be one of his intimates, my friendship with him dates from his first settling in London, some forty years ago; and ever since we have been treading somewhat similar paths. He was my junior in age by one year. We both were students at King's College at nearly the same time. We had many friends in common, and saw much the same society. We belonged to the same clubs. We were both the presidents of ethical societies, and occasionally spoke on the same platform. I heard him speak at the Alpine Club, and had many a mountain walk with him. We ascended together Mont Blanc with his two famous Oberland guides, Melchior and Jacob Anderegg, with whom I, too, have had many a glorious climb; I have tramped with him, also, on the Surrey Downs, and in many a mid-day jaunt in Kensington Gardens, or in some midnight stroll home from the Cosmopolitan, or the Century, or Metaphysical Society. We were for some thirty years colleagues in the management of the London Library. We used to meet at one time daily at the British Museum, for we have both known the cares of an editor; and I even planned, edited, and in part indited a minuscule dictionary of universal biography, a mere liliputian contemporary—*longissimo intervallo*—of the stupendous 'Dictionary of National Biography.' With no pretensions myself to his wit, his learning, his judgment, and prodigious industry, it is with heart-felt sympathy that I try to jot down my memories of one whom I respected so entirely and admired so heartily; with whose life I was in touch at many points.

For the ancestors, family, parentage, and young life of Leslie Stephen we happily have, what is for the earliest years, a chapter almost of his own autobiography in the opening of his memoir of Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen, his brother. It is one of his most delightful and genial pieces. In telling us all that he could learn, and all he thought we would care to hear, as to the origin of the Stephen family, as to their characteristics, ways, and ups and downs of life, Leslie was practically writing it for himself as much as for his brother, the judge. Much more is that the case in his

admirable picture of his father, Sir James Stephen, and of his mother, the daughter of an almost historic family of Puritan ministers of the Gospel. Leslie, far more than Fitzjames, inherited his moral and intellectual nature from his parents and their ancestors. Like the Gladstones, the Carlyles, the Ruskins, the Stevensons, and the Mills, the Stephens were a family of Scotch Lowland descent. From his father he drew his literary versatility and grace, his industry, his tolerant, precise, and judicial instinct. From his mother he drew the grit and courage with which the Venns for three centuries witnessed to the Truth—from his mother came the affectionate spirit which the grit never repressed nor even concealed—and that paramount grasp of ethical honesty, that disdain of vain parade, which was his most salient characteristic through life.

The famous motto of the 'Dictionary of Biography'—'no flowers'—was quite typical of his whole nature. And one who ventures to write a reminiscence of him, now he is no more, is bound to keep this injunction ever in mind. We went to Hendon to say farewell to our friend—not to praise him; and we should have been hurt had we seen his coffin smothered in wreaths and what the reporters call 'floral tributes.' Nor shall my tribute be floral. As he asked once, with some indignation and with unusual asperity: 'Can you not praise the dead man sufficiently unless you tell lies about him?' No one ever more disdained superlatives, and more insisted for himself and for others that the plain truth should be set down in the simplest words.

Stephen's connection with *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE*, with its editorial work, and with the late Mr. George Smith and his publishing house, was very long and very close. For some seventeen years (1866-1883) he was a constant writer in these pages. For eleven years (1871-1882) he was Editor. He married the daughter of the first editor, W. M. Thackeray, whose other daughter, Mrs. R. Ritchie, long continued to contribute. When Mr. George Smith decided to publish the great undertaking known as the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Stephen retired from the *CORNHILL* to become the editor of the 'Dictionary.' It was in *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE* that appeared the series of papers which afterwards became one of his best books, together with a vast number of other essays, known or unknown, collected in volumes or not reprinted.

I have had the opportunity of consulting the careful record of every article and every writer in the Magazine, kept with extreme care and accuracy by Mr. George Smith in his own hand. These

monthly diaries, so punctually and methodically kept by the head of a great house of business over so long a period, form a striking proof of the zeal and thought which the famous publisher bestowed on his literary undertakings. In studying the catalogue of the books of standard reputation which first appeared in this monthly serial, and in going over the list of the contributors, with so large a proportion of the best writers of the Victorian age, it is noteworthy how little there is of merely fugitive work, and how largely the Magazine has been the cradle of some of the best literature of its time.

Stephen's first pieces in the Magazine seem to have been in 1866—one on 'American Humour,' and another on 'A Tour in Transylvania.' I think the first was that which introduced English readers to some of those familiar bits of American drollery which are still current. In the next year (that of his marriage) came the delightful paper called 'The Regrets of a Mountaineer,' which we all know in the 'Playground of Europe,' published in 1871, and frequently reprinted. The serio-comic chagrin of the veteran mountaineer, as he ruefully watches others climbing the snowfields he cannot now reach, owing to 'circumstances he need not explain'—(we easily see that he was then on a honeymoon trip); his pathos over the joys which were denied him :

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

This is, indeed, delicious.

Of all Stephen's lighter pieces, those on Alpine climbing are to me the most characteristic and the most fascinating, if only for the reason that I was also a member of the Alpine Club, accompanied him in some of his climbs, and knew some of his favourite haunts, guides, and companions. I remember how he convulsed the club and enraged the scientific zealots at a dinner by giving a mock-heroic account of an ascent of the Gabel-horn; how on the top, after a difficult and icy day, they proceeded to 'take scientific observations'; how 'they found' the temperature (by their fingers, for the thermometer was broken) to be 175° below zero; how, such was the altitude, that the mercury in the barometer had quite sunk out of sight—possibly owing to the porter having turned it upside down; how they tried to measure the ozone in the air—'but if there *were* any ozone that afternoon on that *arête*, ozone must be even a greater fool than I take it to be.' The men of science quitted the club.



All Stephen's Alpine pieces are delightful, full of his 'saving common sense,' his hatred of superlatives and ecstasies, with his sound advice that the best amateur is inferior to an average peasant, with his deep passion for Nature, and his hearty sympathy with the Swiss guide at his best. Of all these pieces I most enjoy 'Sunset on Mont Blanc,' published in *THE CORNHILL*, October 1873. Only practised climbers can understand the difficulties of watching the sun set in August from the actual summit of Mont Blanc, and then returning in the dark—difficulties which Stephen neither conceals nor exaggerates. But the piece has a depth of thought, a solemnity, even a poetry, which is too rare in his critical pieces.

How fine is this opening!

Does not science teach us more and more emphatically that nothing which is natural can be alien to us who are part of Nature? Where does Mont Blanc end, and where do I begin? That is a question which no metaphysician has hitherto succeeded in answering. But at least the connection is close and intimate. He is a part of the great machinery in which my physical frame is inextricably involved, and not the less interesting because a part which I am unable to subdue to my purposes. The whole universe, from the stars and the planets, to the mountains and the insects which creep about their roots, is but a network of forces, eternally acting and reacting upon each other. The mind of man is a musical instrument, upon which all external objects are beating out infinitely complex harmonies and discords. Too often, indeed, it becomes a mere barrel organ, mechanically repeating the tunes which have once been impressed upon it. But in proportion as it is more vigorous or delicate, it should retain its sensibility to all the impulses which may be conveyed to it from the most distant sources. And certainly a healthy organisation should not be deaf to those more solemn and melancholy voices which speak through the wildest aspects of nature.

The whole piece is full of a delightful humour, with American touches that our men rarely attempt. He loves Mont Blanc; he personifies it; he sympathises with it, as one might with a favourite horse, or dog, or ship of one's own, a companion and trusty friend. 'With all his faults and weaknesses,' he says, Mont Blanc still deserves to reign supreme. It is true he has killed more mountaineers than all the rest of the Alps together. 'But we should hardly estimate the majesty of men or mountains by the *length of their butcher's bill*'—as if Mont Blanc were a Napoleon or a Frederick the Great. It is true that your modern climber calls the mountain stale and hackneyed—'an easy day for a good girl'—he would say; and its snow slopes are uninteresting and conventional in form. But Stephen says, and says most truly, 'No Alpine summit is comparable in sublimity and beauty.'

And then he goes on to describe the scene from the summit of

the mountain, the moral and intellectual sense of rising, as it were, above earth and humanity. As Dante says :

Trasumanar significar per verba  
Non si poria ;

and he describes the emotion in ways that, so far as the idea goes, Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth could not better. He certainly does not exaggerate the rapture of the moment, as I can testify myself. It happens that I once stood on the summit of Mont Blanc with Stephen on one of his many ascents. I was not of his party, but we went up on the same day, and were together at the top for the best part of an hour. I recall a little incident which illustrates his rare patience, kindliness, and good temper. He took with him the famous Oberland guides, Melchior and Jacob Anderegg. A young novice, with no experience or stamina, had implored Stephen to let him join the party. The snow on the Grand Plateau was soft, and we sank deep at each step—my companion lost his great toe by frost bite—and the novice repeatedly sank down exhausted, asking for brandy. Time after time Stephen halted at his entreaties and let him recover his wind. At last he could not rise, but lay back imploring Stephen not to abandon him, but to give him one more dram. ‘Just one sip, Melchior,’ said Stephen to the guide with the flask. The poor lad snatched the flask, clutched it, and drained it before Melchior could stop him. He then rolled back quite tipsy, protesting that he was all right, and ‘would not go home till morning,’ as it was ‘a way they had in the army to drive dull care away!’ etc., etc.

For some minutes the venerable precipices of the monarch of mountains re-echoed with our laughter and the snatches of drinking songs, Leslie looking on with pity, good nature, and perplexity in every line of his face. He had lost an hour by the lad’s folly, and also his second man ; for, at last, with a grim shrug, he said : ‘It’s no use waiting here ; Jacob, carry him back !’ It was to be Jacob’s first ascent of Mont Blanc, but he disconsolately shouldered the poor youth who was spoiling the day’s sport, and dragged him slowly down to Chamounix. I believe Stephen felt for the disappointment to poor Jacob, and also to the heedless novice, as if it had been his own. It was, indeed, a liberal education to a young Alpine climber to spend a few days with Leslie Stephen and his Oberlanders in the crags and the snowfields which he loved, as if they were his native home—as if they were the Delectable Mountains where the Pilgrim might at last find blessedness and rest.

The Alps were to Stephen the elixir of life, a revelation, a religion. And we may rank his enthusiasm for nature, and his familiarity with grand scenery as amongst the best influences of our time in teaching us the moral and spiritual force which nature can impress on the soul of man. Men and women, who are deaf to Byron and Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley—ignorant even of Ruskin and of Symonds—have been led up by Stephen to a pure love of walking in the midst of beautiful landscapes, and have been drawn off from tedious jabber about the beasts they have killed. When Leslie had hung up the ice-axe that had won so many virgin peaks, he organised the pedestrian company of the 'Tramps,' who would foot it on Sundays over so many a Surrey heath and Sussex down. It was Nature in all its infinite aspects that Stephen loved, not athletic feats, or 'record' time, not the dangerous glaciers and icy crags for any reason but their beauty, not what Ruskin called 'climbing a greasy pole.' To Stephen a climb or a walk meant always the glory of the Earth, the light and air of Heaven, health and good fellowship. I think he loved the Hindhead, the Blackdown, the New Forest, and the Cornish Coast almost as much as the Alps. I can recall his enjoyment of the Hog's Back, near which I then lived, and how he grumbled when we gave his pack of 'Tramps' roast beef and apple tart in the middle of their eight-hour course, for he said that bread and cheese and ale-house beer was their regulation ration, and 'Tramps' should not be pampered.

Stephen's long series of critical studies of the eighteenth century writers began in 1868, with 'Richardson' and 'De Foe' (THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, January and March); but the 'Hours in a Library' was not opened until May 1871. Throughout the year 1869, the Magazine was constantly occupied with the papers by a 'Cynic.' 'The Cynic's Apology,' opened in May 1869. Then came 'Idolatry,' 'Useless Knowledge,' 'the Decay of Murder,' 'National Antipathies,' 'The Uses of Fools,' 'Social Slavery,' 'Literary Exhaustion,' and many others. He closed the 'Cynic' series on becoming editor, and, I think, did not re-issue them. He was right. They were full of Stephen's genius of common sense, his quaint humour, his contempt for extravagance, his disgust for false sentiment and artificial gush; but they are not his best, nor do they reflect his higher thought. Leslie was no cynic; he had no love for cynics; he thoroughly saw of what affectation and egoism professed cynicism is manufactured. Leslie was closer to Thackeray

and Lowell than to Swift. He had a deep vein of sentiment and enthusiasm, which he kept battened down in the hold, for fear of its being pampered in the day's 'tramp.' The Cynic papers are worth re-reading, but they do not add to his reputation, nor do they truly represent his mind.

It seems that Stephen began to edit *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE* in April 1871, and during the next ten years he contributed the 'Hours in a Library,' which has been so often re-issued, and forms, perhaps, his most popular and characteristic work. And during the same period he contributed the four papers, 'Rambles among Books,' 1880-1882. The 'Hours in a Library,' and the 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' the volumes on Pope, Johnson, Swift, and George Eliot, are so well known, that nothing need here be said of them, and they are studies far too elaborate to be discussed in these hasty reminiscences. What I wish to call attention to is the great body of excellent and permanent literature which *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE* contained during Stephen's time as editor. These included 'Literature and Dogma,' and several essays by Matthew Arnold, poems by R. Browning, W. M. Thackeray (posthumous), Sir F. Doyle, and Alfred Austin. There were romances by George Meredith, Miss Thackeray, Erckmann-Chatrian, Charles Lever, Mrs. Oliphant, W. Black, R. D. Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and James Payn. Most of these romances continue to hold the public; and some of them are among the best and most popular achievements of their authors. But that of which the public is perhaps less aware is the great number of essays contributed by R. L. Stevenson and W. E. Henley. It was one of Stephen's most cherished memories that he had discovered and encouraged the rare gifts of these two men, whose literary career had opened under such crushing difficulties of poverty and ill-health.

Altogether I reckon that Stephen contributed to *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE*, from 1866 to 1883 inclusive, forty articles on general subjects, apart from the critical and biographical studies collected in his published works. Several of these, I think, might with advantage be re-issued. They deal with natural scenery, topography, social and ethical criticism, literature and the writers of the day. As befitted a miscellany of the kind, they hardly touch on politics, science, philosophy or religion. Among the most interesting essays are, I think, those entitled 'Useless Knowledge,' with its humorous proposal for a new Society for the Suppression of

Useless Knowledge (the S.S.U.K.), which, he said, would give us more leisure to learn what would be of some use. 'Social Slavery,' 'Our Civilisation,' 'Public Schools,' 'International Prejudices,' 'Art and Morality,' 'Criticism by a Critic,' 'The Moral Elements in Literature'—all have some excellent things, full of acuteness, humour, wisdom, and fine discrimination.

In his published works Stephen wrote at large on philosophy, ethics, and religion, but nothing on politics, art, or science. The latter were subjects from which he kept steadily aloof—not at all from indifference, but from a conscientious sense that he had never given his mind to them, and had an almost morbid horror of appearing to dogmatise in any study in which he could not pretend to be a 'doctor.' In his 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' his 'Science of Ethics,' 'The English Utilitarians,' 'An Agnostic's Apology,' and in 'Religion and Ethics,' Stephen treats at great length, and with much elaboration, the common ground of morals, philosophy, and religion. His general point of view is that of Bentham, Mill, Spencer, and Henry Sidgwick, with some affinity to Huxley, Darwin, John Morley, and Comte. Not that he can be called a follower of any one, or an entire believer in any system. His task was mainly expository and critical, rather than constructive; nor can it be said that he brought much that was at once new and permanent to these problems. They show at its best all his acumen, his paramount common sense, and his shrinking from all modes of spiritual exaltation. They lack a large and sympathetic grasp on general history; they never rise to face the great underlying axioms of human thought and the primal statics of human society; and they rather mock than encourage what is vaguely described as 'the enthusiasm of humanity.' The whole field of thought is far too wide and subtle to be touched upon here; and it is not well fitted for these pages.

For similar reasons, I shall not attempt to do more than refer to the vast undertaking which absorbed the later years of Stephen's life from 1882. He planned, directed, and edited the first twenty-six volumes of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' for which he compiled an immense series of biographies. The world of letters, like the world at large, has so completely recognised the admirable scheme of the work, the unflagging labour bestowed on it, and the completeness of the result, that not a word more need be said here. Every year increases the value of this truly encyclopedic work, which must remain a permanent landmark in

the history of our literature. And, apart from all questions of accuracy and literary skill, we cannot fail to recognise the robust moral qualities displayed in so gigantic an undertaking both by Editor and by Publisher, in the courage, tenacity, and far-sighted faith to which both held fast under growing difficulties that few of us would care to face.

I will say a few words about the last book of all, which was practically a posthumous issue of lectures that Stephen was not strong enough to deliver in person, and which has not yet been widely read. 'English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century' was the Ford Lectures at Oxford in 1903, and it deals with his old familiar writers with some new lights on their contemporary society. There is pathos in the short prefatory letter to his nephew, Herbert Fisher, of New College, who read the lectures and passed the proofs. He there speaks of 'the serious breakdown in health,' which prevented his journey to Oxford. As a fact, I visited him whilst on a couch he was writing the papers, struggling all the time with a cruel and painful disease. The letter itself is marked by Leslie's warm-hearted nature and irrepressible humour. It is signed 'With a warm sense of gratitude, your affectionate Leslie Stephen.' And even on his death-bed he cannot resist a playful allusion to 'the light in which uncles are generally regarded by nephews.'

The book itself contains almost nothing new, and very little that shows his old passion for getting to the root of everything he touched. It was designed for Oxford students dealing with a particular century, and needing a practical compendium of the whole epoch. This it gives them with admirable clearness and neatness of form; and it is exactly the text-book which a student would desire to have at his finger-ends. It is the book which a master of the subject who had entire command of his memory and his judgment, but who was debarred from research or reference to a library, would be able to produce—which could only be produced by one who was master of his facts and his books. I came upon an admirable sentence, which sums up Stephen's own literary judgments: 'The eighteenth century, its enemies used to say, was the century of coarse utilitarian aims, of religious indifference, and political corruption; but, as I prefer to say, was the century of sound common sense and growing toleration, and of steady social and industrial development.'

That is Leslie Stephen's message to our time: sound sense,

toleration, social development. It is a worthy and great message. But, perhaps, it is not the whole message that we need. In his own field he was a consummate guide and a most accomplished critic. With all his sympathy for Carlyle and his school, Stephen did much to correct that violent prejudice of the Sartorian master towards the eighteenth century and its notable work. With all its shortcomings and its want of poetry, fervour, and spiritual insight, it was the century of common sense, of toleration, of social and industrial development. All this, on every side of it, and in all its fruits, Stephen showed us in an immense series of special studies. He did for the eighteenth century almost as much as Carlyle did for Cromwell and for Goethe. It is the age of specialism, and Stephen was essentially a specialist. He was the apostle of the eighteenth century, saturated with its intellectual clarity and its contempt of fanaticism and enthusiasm, and sharing in its limitations and its prosaic ideals. In his own field, Stephen was all that we need as an interpreter, judge, and stimulus. He never pretended to be an all-round critic, or a guide to general literature, much less to the history of thought as a whole. His strength lay in his concentration on his own field—his strength, and, to some extent also, his weakness. He very rarely strayed outside the area of the eighteenth century, and the first half of the nineteenth century. And he almost never strayed off the field of English literature and English thought. We have learned nothing from him of French, German, Italian, or Spanish literature—much less of Greek and Roman poetry. We do not recall any estimate of Dante, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, Cervantes, Calderon, Goethe, or Lessing—nor of Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, or Virgil. We do not find that he ever studied the Middle Ages, the development of the Catholic Church, of the modern spiritual and religious renaissance. Had he done this he would have given us another series of masterly studies; but we might have lost the Leslie Stephen whom we knew (whom the reading world will long continue to know and to honour)—as the standard authority upon one of the most fruitful epochs of English letters.



## THE TRUANTS.<sup>1</sup>

BY A. E. W. MASON.

### CHAPTER X.

MR. CHASE.

THE night had come when Warrisden stepped from the platform of the station into the train. Pamela was by this time back at Whitewebs—he himself was travelling to London; their day was over. He looked out of the window. Somewhere three miles away the village of the three poplars crowned the hill, but a thick wall of darkness and fog hid it from his eyes. It seemed almost as if Pamela and he had met that day only in thought at some village which existed only in a dream. The train, however, rattled upon its way. Gradually he became conscious of a familiar exhilaration. The day had been real. Not merely had it signalled the change in Pamela, for which for so long he had wished; not merely had it borne a blossom of promise for himself, but something was to be done immediately, and the thing to be done was of all things that which most chimed with his own desires. He was to take the road again, and the craving for the road was seldom stilled for long within his heart. He heard its call sung like a song to the rhythm of the wheels. The very uncertainty of its direction tantalised his thoughts.

Warrisden lodged upon the Embankment, and his rooms overlooked the Thames. The mist lay heavy upon London, and all that night the steamboats hooted as they passed from bridge to bridge. Warrisden lay long awake listening to them; each blast had its message for him, each was like the greeting of a friend; each one summoned him, and to each he answered with a rising joy: 'I shall follow, I shall follow.' The boats passed down to the sea through the night mist. Many a time he had heard them before, picturing the dark deck and the side lights, red and green, and the yellow light upon the mast, and the man silent at the wheel with the light from the binnacle striking up upon the lines of his face. They were little river or coasting boats for the most

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part, but he had never failed to be stirred by the long-drawn melancholy of their whistles. They talked of distant lands and an alien foliage.

He spent the following morning and the afternoon in the arrangement of his affairs, and in the evening drove down to the mission house. It stood in a dull by-street close to Stepney Green, a rambling building with five rooms upon the ground floor panelled with varnished deal and furnished with forms and rough tables, and on the floor above, a big billiard-room, a bagatelle-room, and a carpenter's workshop. Mr. Chase was superintending a boxing class in one of the lower rooms, and Warrisdén, when he was led up to him, received a shock of surprise. He had never seen a man to the outward eye so unfitted for his work. He had expected a strong burly person, cheery of manner and confident of voice; he saw, however, a tall young man with a long pale face and a fragile body. Mr. Chase was clothed in a clerical frock-coat of unusual length, he wore bands of an irreproachable whiteness, and his hands were fine and delicate as a woman's. He seemed indeed the typical High Church curate fresh that very instant from the tea-cups of a drawing-room.

'A gentleman to see you, sir,' said the ex-army sergeant who had brought forward Warrisdén. He handed Warrisdén's card to Chase, who turned about and showed Warrisdén his full face. Surprise had been Warrisdén's first sentiment, but it gave place in an instant to distaste. The face which he saw was not ugly, but he disliked it. It almost repelled him. There was no light in the eyes at all; they were veiled and sunken; and the features repelled by reason of a queer antagonism. Mr. Chase had the high narrow forehead of an ascetic, the loose mouth of a sensualist, and a thin crop of pale and almost colourless hair. Warrisdén wondered why any one should come to this man for advice, most of all a Tony Stretton. What could they have in common—the simple, good-humoured, unintellectual subaltern of the Cold-streams, and this clerical exquisite? The problem was perplexing.

'You wish to see me?' asked Chase.

'If you please.'

'Now? As you see, I am busy.'

'I can wait.'

'Thank you. The mission closes at eleven. If you can wait till then you might come home with me, and we could talk in comfort.'

It was nine o'clock. For two hours Warrisden followed Chase about the mission, and with each half hour his interest increased. However irreconcilable with his surroundings Chase might appear to be, neither he nor any of the members of the mission were aware of it. He was at ease alike with the boys and the men; and the boys and the men were at ease with him. Moreover, he was absolute master, although there were rough men enough among his subjects. The fiercest boxing contest was stopped in a second by a motion of that delicate hand.

'I used to have a little trouble,' he said to Warrisden, 'before I had those wire frames fixed over the gas-jets. You see they cover the gas taps. Before that was done, if there was any trouble, the first thing which happened was that the room was in darkness. It took some time to restore order'; and he passed on to the swimming-bath.

Mr. Chase was certainly indefatigable. Now he was giving a lesson in wood-carving to a boy; now he was arranging an apprenticeship for another in the carpenter's shop. Finally he led the way into the great billiard-room, where only the older men were allowed.

'It is here that Stretton used to keep order?' said Warrisden; and Chase at once turned quickly towards him.

'Oh,' he said, slowly, in a voice of comprehension, 'I was wondering what brought you here. Yes; this was the room.'

Chase moved carelessly away, and spoke to some of the men about the tables. But for the rest of the evening he was on his guard. More than once his eyes turned curiously and furtively towards Warrisden. His face was stubborn, and wore a look of wariness. Warrisden began to fear lest he should get no answer to the question he had to put. No appeal would be of any use—of that he felt sure. His argument must serve—and would it serve?

Chase, at all events, made no attempt to avoid the interview. As the hands of the clock marked eleven, and the rooms emptied, he came at once to Warrisden.

'We can go now,' he said; and unlocking a drawer, to Warrisden's perplexity he filled his pockets with racket-balls. The motive for that proceeding became apparent as they walked to the house where Chase lodged. Their way lay through alleys, and as they walked the children clustered about them, and Chase's pockets were emptied.

'We keep this house because men from the Universities come down and put in a week now and then at the mission. My rooms are upstairs.'

Chase's sitting-room was in the strangest contrast to the bareness of the mission and the squalor of the streets. It was furnished with luxury, but the luxury was that of a man of taste and knowledge. There was hardly a piece of furniture which had not an interesting history; the engravings and the brass ornaments upon the walls had been picked up here and there in Italy. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth.

'What will you drink?' Chase asked, and brought from a cupboard bottle after bottle of liqueurs. It seemed to Warrisden that the procession of bottles would never end—some held liqueurs of which he had never even heard the name; but concerning all of them Mr. Chase discoursed with great knowledge and infinite appreciation.

'I can recommend this,' he said tentatively, as he took up one fat round bottle and held it up to the light. 'It is difficult perhaps to say definitely which is the best, but—yes, I can recommend this.'

'Can't I have a whiskey and soda?' asked Warrisden plaintively.

Mr. Chase looked at his companion with a stare:

'Of course you can,' he replied. But his voice was one of disappointment, and with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders he fetched a Tantalus and a siphon of seltzer.

'Help yourself,' he said; and lighting a gold-tipped cigarette he drew up a chair and began to talk. And so Warrisden came at last to understand how Tony Stretton had gained his great faith in Mr. Chase. Chase was a talker of a rare quality. He sat stooping over the fire with his thin hands outspread to the blaze, and for half an hour Warrisden was enchained. All that had repelled him in the man, all that had aroused his curiosity, was soon lost to sight. He yielded himself up as if to some magician. Chase talked not at all of his work or of the many strange incidents which he must needs have witnessed in its discharge. He spoke of other climates and bright towns with a scholarship which had nothing of pedantry, and an observation human as it was keen. Chase, with the help of his Livy, had traced Hannibal's road across the Alps and had followed it on foot; he spoke of another march across snow mountains of which Warrisden had never till this

moment heard—the hundred days of a dead Sultan of Morocco on the Passes of the Atlas, during which he led his forces back from Tafilet to Rabat. Chase knew nothing of this retreat but what he had read. Yet he made it real to Warrisdén, so vividly did his imagination fill up the outlines of the written history. He knew his Paris, his Constantinople. He had bathed from the Lido and dreamed on the Grand Canal. He spoke of the peeling frescoes in the Villa of Countess Guiccioli above Leghorn, of the outlook from the terrace over the vines and the olive trees to the sea where Shelley was drowned; and where Byron's brig used to round into the wind and with its sails flapping drop anchor under the hill. For half an hour Warrisdén wandered through Europe in the pleasantest companionship, and then Chase stopped abruptly and leaned back in his chair.

'I was forgetting,' he said, 'that you had come upon a particular errand. It sometimes happens that I see no one outside the mission people for a good while, and during those periods when I get an occasion I am apt to talk too much. What can I do for you?'

The spirit had gone from his voice, his face. He leaned back in his chair, a man tired out. Warrisdén looked at the liqueur bottles crowded on the table, with Chase's conversation still fresh in his mind. Was Chase a man at war with himself, he wondered, who was living a life for which he had no taste that he might the more completely escape a life which his conscience disapproved? Or was he deliberately both hedonist and Puritan, giving to each side of his strange nature, in turn, its outlet and gratification?

'You have something to say to me,' Chase continued. 'I know quite well what it is about.'

'Stretton,' said Warrisdén.

'Yes; you mentioned him in the billiard-room. Well?'

Chase was not looking at Warrisdén. He sat with his eyes half-closed, his elbows on the arms of his chair, his finger-tips joined under his chin, and his head thrown back. There was no expression upon his face but one of weariness. Would he answer? Could he answer? Warrisdén was in doubt, indeed in fear. He led to his question warily.

'It was you who recommended Stretton to try horse-breeding in Kentucky.'

'Yes,' said Chase; and he added: 'after he had decided of his own accord to go away.'

'He failed.'

'Yes.'

'And he has disappeared.'

Chase opened his eyes, but did not turn them to his companion.

'I did not advise his disappearance,' he said. 'That, like his departure, was his own doing.'

'No doubt,' Warrisden agreed. 'But it is thought that you might have heard from him since his disappearance.'

Chase nodded his head.

'I have.'

'It is thought that you might know where he is now.'

'I do,' said Mr. Chase. Warrisden was sensibly relieved. One-half of his fear was taken from him. Chase knew at all events where Stretton was to be found. Now he must disclose his knowledge. But before he could put a question, Chase said languidly :

'You say "it is thought," Mr. Warrisden. By whom is it thought? By his wife?'

'No. But by a great friend of hers and his.'

'Oh,' said Chase, 'by Miss Pamela Mardale then.'

Warrisden started forward.

'You know her?' he asked.

'No. But Stretton mentioned her to me in a letter. She has sent you to me in fulfilment of a promise. I understand.'

The words were not very intelligible to Warrisden. He knew nothing of Pamela's promise to Tony Stretton. But on the other hand he saw that Mr. Chase was giving a more attentive ear to what he said. He betrayed no ignorance of the promise.

'I am sent to fetch Stretton home,' he said. 'I want you to tell me where he is.'

Chase shook his head.

'No,' he said gently.

'It is absolutely necessary that Stretton should come back,' Warrisden declared with great deliberation. And with no less deliberation Chase replied :

'In Stretton's view it is absolutely necessary that he should stay away!'

'His father is dying.'

Chase started forward in his chair, and stared at Warrisden for a long time.

'Is that an excuse?' he said at length.

It was, as Warrisden was aware. He did not answer the question. 'It is the truth,' he replied; and he replied truthfully.

Chase rose from his chair and walked once or twice across the room. He came back to the fire, and leaning an elbow on the mantel-piece stared into the coals. Warrisden sat very still. He had used his one argument—he could add nothing to it; he could only wait for the answer in a great anxiety. So much hung upon that answer for Stretton and his wife, for Pamela, for himself! The fortunes of all four were knotted together. At last the answer came.

'I promised Tony that I would keep his secret,' said Chase. 'But when he asked for the promise, and when I gave it, the possibility of his father dying was not either in his mind or mine. We considered—in letters of course—other possibilities; but not this one. I don't think I have the right to remain silent. Even in the face of this possibility I should have kept my promise, I think, if you had come from his wife—for I know why he disappeared. But as things are, I will tell you. Tony Stretton is in the North Sea on a trawler.'

'In the North Sea?' exclaimed Warrisden. And he smiled. After all, the steamboats on the river had last night called to him with a particular summons.

'Yes,' continued Chase, and he fetched from his writing-desk a letter in Tony's hand. 'He came back to England two months ago. He drifted across the country. He found himself at Yarmouth with a few shillings in his pocket. He knew something of the sea. He had sailed his own yacht in happier times. He was in great trouble. He needed time to think out a new course of life. He hung about on Gorleston pier for a day or two, and then was taken on by a skipper who was starting out short of hands. He signed for eight weeks, and he wrote to me the day before he started. That's four weeks ago.'

'Can I reach him?' Warrisden asked.

'Yes. The boat is the *Perseverance*, and it belongs to the Blue Fleet. A steam cutter goes out every day from Billingsgate to fetch the fish. I know one of the owners. His son comes down to the mission. I can get you a passage. When can you start?'

'At any time,' replied Warrisden. 'The sooner the better.'

'To-morrow, then,' said Chase. 'Meet me at the entrance to Billingsgate Market at half-past eleven. It will take you forty-



eight hours with ordinary luck to reach the Dogger Bank. Of course, if there's a fog in the Thames the time will be longer. And I warn you, living is rough on a fish-carrier.'

'I don't mind that,' said Warrisden with a smile. He went away with a light heart, and that night wrote a letter to Pamela, telling her of his interview with Mr. Chase. The new road seemed after all likely to prove a smooth one. As he wrote, every now and then a steamboat hooted from the river, and the rain pattered upon his window. He flung it up and looked out. There was no fog to-night, only the rain fell, and fell gently. He prayed that there might be no fog upon the Thames to-morrow.

Mr. Chase, too, heard the rain that night. He sat in his arm-chair listening to it with a decanter at his elbow half filled with a liquid like brown sherry. At times he poured a little into his glass and drank it slowly, crouching over his fire. Somewhere in the darkness of the North Sea Tony Stretton was hidden. Very likely at this moment he was standing upon the deck of his trawler with his hands upon the spokes of the wheel, and his eyes peering forward through the rain, keeping his long night-watch while the light from the binnacle struck upwards upon the lines of his face. Mr. Chase sat late in a muse. But before he went to bed he locked the decanter and the glass away in a private cupboard, and took the key with him into his bed-room.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ON THE DOGGER BANK.

THE *City of Bristol* swung out of the huddle of boats off Billingsgate Wharf at one o'clock on the next afternoon. Mr. Chase, who stood upon the quay amongst the porters and white-jacketed salesmen, turned away with an episcopal wave of the hand. Warrisden leaned over the rail of the steamer's bridge, between the captain and the pilot, and shouted a reply. The *City of Bristol*, fish-cutter of 300 tons, was a boat built for speed, long and narrow, sitting low on the water, with an upstanding forecastle forward, a small saloon in the stern, and a tiny cabin for the captain under the bridge on deck. She sidled out into the fair way and went forward upon her slow, intricate journey to the sea. Below the Tower she

took her place in the long, single file of ships winding between the mud banks, and changed it as occasion served ; now she edged up by a string of barges, now in a clear broad space she made a spurt and took the lead of a barquentine, which swam in indolence, with bare masts, behind a tug ; and at times she stopped altogether, like a carriage blocked in Piccadilly. The screw thrashed the water, ceased, and struck again with a suggestion of petulance at the obstacles which barred the boat's way. Warrisdén, too, chafed upon the bridge. A question pressed continually upon his mind—' Would Stretton return ? ' He had discovered where Stretton was to be found. The tall grey spire of Stepney Church rose from behind an inlet thick with masts, upon the left ; he was already on his way to find him. But the critical moment was yet to come. He had still to use his arguments ; and as he stood watching the shipping with indifferent eyes the arguments appeared most weak and unpersuasive. Stretton's father was dying, it was true. The son's return was no doubt a natural obligation. But would the natural obligation hold when the father was unnatural ? Those months in New York had revealed one quality in Tony Stretton, at all events ; he could persist. The very name of the trawler in which he was at work seemed to Warrisdén of a bad augury for his success—the *Perseverance* !

Greenwich, with its hill of grass, slipped behind on the right ; at the Albert Docks a huge Peninsular and Oriental steamer, deck towering above deck, swung into the line ; the high chimneys of the cement works on the Essex flats began to stand out against the pale grey sky, each one crowned with white smoke like a tuft of wool ; the barges, under their big brown sprit-sails, now tacked this way and that across a wider stream ; the village of Greenwich and the white portholes of the *Worcester* showed upon the right.

' Would Stretton return ? ' The question revolved in Warrisdén's mind as the propeller revolved in the thick brown water. The fortunes of four people hung upon the answer, and no answer could be given until a night, and a day, and another night had passed, until he saw the Blue Fleet tossing far away upon the Dogger Bank. Suppose that the answer were ' No ! ' He imagined Pamela sinking back into lassitude, narrowing to that selfishness which she, no less than he, foresaw ; looking on again at the world's show with the lack-lustre indifference of the very old.

At Gravesend the *City of Bristol* dropped her pilot, a little,

white-bearded, wizened man, who all the way down the river, balancing himself upon the top-rail of the bridge, like some nautical Blondin, had run from side to side the while he exchanged greetings with the anchored ships; and just opposite to Tilbury Fort, with its scanty fringe of trees, she ran alongside of a hulk and took in a load of coal.

'We'll go down and have tea while they are loading her,' said the captain.

The dusk was falling when Warrisden came again on deck, and a cold wind was blowing from the north-west. The sharp stem of the boat was cutting swiftly through the quiet water; the lift of the sea under her forefoot gave to her a buoyancy of motion—she seemed to have become a thing alive. The propeller cleft the surface regularly; there was no longer any sound of petulance in its revolutions, rather there was a throb of joy as it did its work unhindered. Throughout the ship a steady hum, a steady vibration ran. The *City of Bristol* was not merely a thing alive; it was a thing satisfied.

Upon Warrisden, too, there descended a sense of peace. He was *en rapport* with the ship. The fever of his questioning left him. On either side the arms of the shore melted into the gathering night. Far away upon his right the lights of Margate shone brightly, like a chain of gold stretched out upon the sea; in front of him there lay a wide and misty bay, into which the boat drove steadily. All the unknown seemed hidden there; all the secret unrevealed Beyond. There came whispers out of that illimitable bay to Warrisden's ears; whispers breathed upon the north wind, and all the whispers were whispers of promise, bidding him take heart. Warrisden listened and believed, uplifted by the grave quiet of the sea and its mysterious width.

The *City of Bristol* turned northward into the great channel of the Swin, keeping close to the lightships on the left, so close that Warrisden from the bridge could look straight down upon their decks. The night had altogether come—a night of stars. Clusters of lights, low down upon the left, showed where the towns of Essex stood; upon the right hand the homeward-bound ships loomed up ghost-like and passed by; on the right, too, shone out the great green globes of the Mouse light like Neptune's reading-lamps. Sheltered behind the canvas screen at the corner of the bridge Warrisden looked along the rake of the unlighted deck below. He thought of Pamela waiting for his return at Whitewebs, but without

impatience. The great peace and silence of the night were the most impressive things he had ever known. The captain's voice complaining of the sea jarred upon him.

'It's no Bobby's job,' said the captain in a low voice. 'It's home once in three weeks from Saturday to Monday, if you are in luck, and the rest of your time you're in carpet slippers on the bridge. You'll sleep in my chatoos, to-night. I sha'n't turn in until we have passed the Outer Gabbard and come to the open sea. That won't be till four in the morning.'

Warrisdén understood that he was being offered the captain's cabin.

'No, thanks,' said he. 'The bench of the saloon will do very well for me.'

The captain did not press his offer.

'Yes; there's more company in the saloon,' he said. 'I often sleep there myself. You are bound for the Mission ship, I suppose?'

'No; I want to find a man on the trawler *Perseverance*.'

The captain turned. Warrisdén could not see his face, but he knew from his attitude that he was staring at him in amazement.

'Then you must want to see him pretty badly,' he commented. 'The No'th Sea in February and March is not a Bobby's job.'

'Bad weather is to be expected?' asked Warrisdén.

'It has been known,' said the captain drily; and before the lights of the Outer Gabbard winked good-bye on the starboard quarter at four o'clock in the morning, the *City of Bristol* was taking the water over her deck.

Warrisdén rolled on the floor of the saloon—for he could not keep his balance on the narrow bench—and tried in vain to sleep. But the strong light of a lamp, swinging from the roof, glared upon his eyes, the snores of his companions trumpeted in his ears. Moreover, the heat was intolerable. Five men slept in the bunks—Warrisdén made a sixth. At four in the morning the captain joined the party through his love of company. The skylight and the door were both tightly closed, a big fire burned in the stove, and a boiling kettle of tea perpetually puffed from its spout a column of warm, moist steam. Warrisdén felt his skin prickly beneath his clothes; he gasped for fresh air.

Living would be rough upon the fish-carrier, Chase had told him; and rough Warrisdén found it. In the morning the steward rose, and made tea by the simple process of dropping a handful of tea

into the kettle and filling it up with water. A few minutes later he brought a dish of ham and eggs from the galley, and slapped it down on the table.

'Breakfast,' he cried; and the five men opened their eyes, rubbed them, and without any other preparation sat down and ate. Warrisden slipped up the companion, unscrewed the skylight and opened it for the space of an inch. Then he returned.

The *City of Bristol* was rolling heavily, and Warrisden noticed with surprise that all of the five men gave signs of discomfort. Surely, he thought, they must be used to heavy weather. But, nevertheless, something was wrong; they did not talk. Finally, the captain looked upwards, and brought his hand down upon the table.

'I felt something was wrong,' said he; 'the skylight's open.'

All stared up to the roof.

'So it is.'

'I did that,' Warrisden said humbly.

At once all the faces were turned on him in great curiosity.

'Now why?' asked the captain. 'Don't you like it nice and snug?'

'Yes; oh, yes,' Warrisden said hurriedly.

'Well, then!' said the captain; and the steward went on deck and screwed the skylight down.

'After all, it's only for thirty-six hours,' thought Warrisden, as he subsequently bathed in a pail on deck. But he was wrong; for the Blue Fleet had gone a hundred miles north to the Fisher Bank, and thither the *City of Bristol* followed it.

The *City of Bristol* sailed on to the Fisher Bank, and found an empty sea. It hunted the Blue Fleet for half-a-dozen hours, and, as night fell, it came upon a single trawler with a great flare light suspended from its yard.

'They're getting in their trawl,' said the captain; and he edged up within earshot.

'Where's the Blue Fleet?' he cried.

'Gone back to the Dogger,' came the answer.

The captain swore, and turned southwards. For four days and nights Warrisden pitched about on the fish-carrier and learned many things, such as the real meaning of tannin in tea, and the innumerable medical uses to which 'Friar's Balsam' can be put. On the morning of the fifth day the *City of Bristol* steamed into the middle of the fleet, and her engines stopped.

These were the days before the steam-trawler. The sailing-ships were not as yet laid up, two by two, alongside Gorleston quay, and knocked down for a song to any purchaser. Warrisden looked over a grey, savage sea. The air was thick with spindrift. The waves leaped exultingly up from windward and roared away to leeward from under the cutter's keel in a steep, uprising hill of foam. All about him the sailing-boats headed to the wind, sinking and rising in the furrows, so that Warrisden would just see a brown topsail over the edge of a steep roller like a shark's fin, and the next instant the dripping hull of the boat flung out upon a breaking crest.

'You will have to look slippery when the punt from the *Perseverance* comes alongside with her fish,' the captain shouted. 'The punt will give you a passage back to the *Perseverance*, but I don't think you will be able to return. There's a no'th-westerly gale blowing up, and the sea is increasing every moment. However, there will be another cutter up to-morrow, and if it's not too rough you could be put on board of her.'

It took Warrisden a full minute to realise the meaning of the captain's words. He looked at the tumbling, breaking waves, he listened to the roar of the wind through the rigging.

'The boats won't come alongside to-day,' he cried.

'Won't they?' the skipper replied. 'Look!'

Certainly some manœuvre was in progress. The trawlers were all forming to windward in a rough semicircle about the cutter. Warrisden could see boat tackle being rigged to the main yards and men standing about the boats capsized on deck. They were actually intending to put their fish on board in the face of the storm.

'You see, with the gale blowing up, they mayn't get a chance to put their fish on board for three or four days after this,' the captain explained. 'Oh, you can take it from me. The No'th Sea is not a Bobby's job.'

As Warrisden watched, one by one the trawlers dropped their boats, and loaded them with fish-boxes. The boats pushed off, three men to each, with their life-belts about their oil-skins, and came down with the wind towards the fish-carrier. The trawlers bore away, circled round the *City of Bristol*, and took up their formation to leeward, so that, having discharged their fish, the boats might drop down again with the wind to their respective ships. Warrisden watched the boats, piled up with fish-boxes, coming

through the welter of the sea. It seemed some desperate race was being rowed.

'Can you tell me which is the boat from the *Perseverance*?' he asked.

'I think it's the fifth,' said the captain.

The boats came down, each one the kernel of a globe of spray. Warrisen watched, admiring how cleverly they chose the little gaps and valleys in the crests of the waves. Each moment he looked to see a boat tossed upwards and overturned; each moment he dreaded that boat would be the fifth. But no boat was overturned. One by one they passed under the stern of the *City of Bristol*, and came alongside under the shelter of its wall.

The fifth boat ranged up. A man stood up in the stern.

'The *Perseverance*,' he cried. 'Fourteen boxes.' And as he spoke a great sea leapt up against the windward bow of the cutter. The cutter rolled from it suddenly, her low bulwarks dipped under water on the leeward side, close by the *Perseverance* boat.

'Shove off!' the man cried, who was standing up; and as he shouted he lurched and fell into the bottom of the boat. The two men in the bows pushed off with their oars; but they were too late. The cutter's bulwark caught the boat under the keel; it seemed she must be upset, and men and boxes whelmed in the sea, unless a miracle happened. But the miracle did happen. As the fish-cutter righted she scooped on to her deck the boat, with its boxes and its crew. The incident all seemed to happen within the fraction of a second. Not a man upon the fish-cutter had time to throw out a rope. Warrisen saw the cutter's bulwarks dip, the sailor falling in the boat, and the boat upon the deck of the cutter in so swift a succession that he had not yet realised disaster was inevitable before disaster was avoided.

The sailor rose from the bottom of the boat and stepped on deck, a stalwart, dripping figure.

'From the *Perseverance*, sir. Fourteen boxes,' he said, looking up to the captain on the bridge; and Warrisen, leaning by the captain's side upon the rail, knew the sailor to be Tony Stretton. The accent of the voice would have been enough to assure him; but Warrisen knew the face too.

'This is the man I want,' he said to the captain.

'You must be quick, then,' the captain replied. 'Speak to him while the boat is being unloaded.'

Warrisen descended on to the deck.



'Mr. Stretton,' said he.

The sailor swung round quickly. There was a look of annoyance upon his face.

'You are surely making a mistake,' said he, abruptly. 'We are not acquainted,' and he turned back to the fish-boxes.

'I'm not making a mistake,' replied Warrisdén. 'I have come out to the North Sea in order to find you.'

Stretton ceased from his work and stood up. He led the way to the stern of the cutter, where the two men were out of earshot.

'Now,' he said. He stood in front of Warrisdén, in his sea-boots and his oilskins, firmly planted, yet swaying to the motion of the ship. There was not merely annoyance in his face; but he had the stubborn and resolute look of a man not lightly to be persuaded. Standing there on the cutter's deck, backed by the swinging seas, there was even an air of mastery about him which Warrisdén had not expected. His attitude seemed, somehow, not quite consistent with his record of failure.

'Now,' said Stretton, 'we must be quick. The sea is getting worse each minute, and I have to get back to the *Perseverance*. You are——?'

'Alan Warrisdén, a stranger to you.'

'Yes,' Stretton interrupted; 'how did you find me out?'

'Chase told me.'

Stretton's face flushed angrily.

'He had no right to tell you. I wished for these few weeks to be alone. He gave me his word he would tell no one.'

'He had to break his word,' said Warrisdén firmly. 'It is necessary that you should come home at once.'

Stretton laughed. Warrisdén was clinging to a wire stay from the cutter's mizzen-mast, and even so could hardly keep his feet. He had a sense of coming failure from the very ease with which Stretton stood resting his hands upon his hips, unsupported on the unsteady deck.

'I cannot come,' said Stretton abruptly; and he turned away. As he turned Warrisdén shouted—for in that high wind words carried in no other way—'Your father, Sir John Stretton, is dying.'

Stretton stopped. He looked for a time thoughtfully into Warrisdén's face; but there was no change in his expression by which Warrisdén could gather whether the argument would prevail or no. And when at last he spoke, it was to say:

'But he has not sent for me.'

It was the weak point in Warrisden's argument, and Stretton had, in his direct way, come to it at once. Warrisden was silent.

'Well?' asked Stretton. 'He has not sent for me?'

'No,' Warrisden admitted; 'that is true.'

'Then I will not come.'

'But though he has not sent for you, it is very certain that he wishes for your return,' Warrisden urged. 'Every night since you have been away the candles have been lighted in your dressing-room and your clothes laid out, in the hope that on one evening you will walk in at the door. On the very first night, the night of the day on which you went, that was done. It was done by Sir John Stretton's orders, and by his orders it has always since been done.'

Just for a moment Warrisden thought that his argument would prevail. Stretton's face softened; then came a smile which was almost wistful about his lips, his eyes had a kindlier look. And the kindlier look remained. Kindliness, too, was the first tone audible in his voice as he replied; but the reply itself yielded nothing.

'He has not sent for me.'

He looked curiously at Warrisden, as if for the first time he became aware of him as a man acting from motives, not a mere instrument of persuasion.

'After all, who did send you?' he asked. 'My wife?'

'No.'

'Who then?'

'Miss Pamela Mardale.'

Stretton was startled by the name. It was really the strongest argument Warrisden had in his armoury. Only he was not aware of its strength.

'Oh,' said Stretton, doubtfully; 'so Miss Mardale sent you!'

He thought of that morning in the Row; of Pamela's words—'I still give the same advice. Do not leave your wife.' He recalled the promise she had given, although it was seldom long absent from his thoughts. It might be that she sent this message in fulfilment of that promise. It might be that, for some unknown reason, he was now needed at his wife's side. But he had no thought of distrust; he had great faith in Millicent. She despised him, yes; but he did not distrust her. And, again, it might be that Pamela was merely sending him this news thinking he would

wish to hear of it in time. After all, Pamela was his friend. He looked out on the wild sea. Already the boats were heading back through the foam, each to its trawler.

'One must take one's risks,' he said. 'So much I have learnt here in the North Sea. Look!' and he pointed to the boats. 'Those boats are taking theirs. Yes; whether it's lacing your top-sail or taking in a reef, one must take one's risks. I will not come.'

He went back to the middle of the ship. The punt of the *Perseverance* was already launched, the two fishermen waiting in it. As it rose on a swell, Stretton climbed over the bulwarks and dropped into the stern.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'I have signed on for eight weeks, and only four have passed. I cannot run away and leave the ship short-handed. Thank you for coming; but one must take one's risks.'

The boat was pushed off and headed towards the *Perseverance*. The waves had increased, the crests toppled down the green slopes in foam. Slowly the boat was rowed down to the trawler, the men now stopping and backing water, now dashing on. Warrisden saw them reach the ship's side and climb on board, and he saw the boat slung upwards and brought in on to the deck. Then the screw of the *City of Bristol* struck the water again. Lurching through the heavy seas she steamed southwards. In a few minutes the Blue Fleet was lost to sight.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TONY'S INSPIRATION.

WARRISDEN had failed. This was the account of his mission which he had to give to Pamela Mardale; and he gave it without excuses. He landed at Billingsgate Wharf at eleven o'clock on the second day after the sails of the Blue Fleet had dropped out of sight behind the screen of breaking waves. That afternoon he travelled down to the village of the three poplars. It was night when he stepped out of the train on to the platform of the little station. One can imagine what bitter and humiliating thoughts occupied his mind. Away on the crest of the hill the lights of the village shone brightly through the clear night air, just as the lights of Margate had shone across the bay when the steam-cutter had sprung like a thing alive

to the lift of the sea beneath her bows. Then all the breeze had whispered promises; now the high hopes were fallen. 'Do not fail!' Pamela had cried, with a veritable passion, hating failure as an indignity. He could hear the words in the very accent of her voice. Once she had suffered failure, but it was not to be endured again. That was what she had meant; and he had failed. He drove along that straight road which he had traversed with Pamela at his side; he slept under the roof of the inn where Pamela had claimed his help. The help had been fruitless, and the next morning he rode down the hill and along the road with the white wood rails—'the new road'—to tell her so. The sun was bright; there was a sparkle of spring in the air; on the black leafless boughs birds sang. He looked back to the three poplars pointing to the sky from the tiny garden on the crest of the hill. Quetta—yes! But it seemed there was to be no Seistan.

He had started early, fearing that there might be a meet that day; and he had acted wisely, for in the hall there were one or two men lounging by the fire in scarlet, and Pamela was wearing her riding-habit when she received him. He was shown into a little room which opened on to the garden behind the house, and thither Pamela came.

'You are alone!' she said.

'Yes; Stretton would not come.'

'None the less, I am very grateful.'

She smiled as she spoke, and sat down, with her eyes upon him, waiting for his story. The disappointment was visible upon his face, but not upon hers. Pamela's, indeed, was to him at this moment rather inscrutable. It was not indifferent, however. He recognised that, and was, in a way, consoled. It had been his fear that at the first word she would dismiss the subject, and turn her back on it for good. On the contrary, she was interested, attentive.

'You found him, then?' she asked.

'Yes. You would like to hear what passed?'

'Of course.'

'Even though I failed?'

She looked at him with some surprise at his insistence.

'Yes, yes,' she said, a little impatiently.

'We were nearly three days longer in reaching the Blue Fleet than we anticipated,' he began. 'Stretton came on board the fish-cutter——' And Pamela interrupted him;

'Why were you nearly three days longer? Tell me about your own journey out to the fleet from the beginning.'

She was, in fact, as much interested in her messenger as in the errand upon which she had sent him. Warrisden began to see that his journey after all was not entirely a defeat. The alliance to which they had set their hands up there in the village on the hill was bearing its fruit. It had set them in a new relationship to each other, and in a closer intimacy.

He told the story of his voyage, making light of his hardships on the steam-cutter. She, on the other hand, made much of them.

'To quote your captain,' she remarked, with a smile, 'it was not a Bobby's job.'

Warrisden laughed, and told her of Stretton's arrival in the punt of the *Perseverance*. He described the way in which he had come on board; he related the conversation which had passed between them at the stern of the cutter.

'He hadn't the look of a man who had failed,' Warrisden continued. 'He stood there on the swinging deck with his legs firmly planted apart, as easily as if he were standing on a stone pavement. I, on the other hand, was clinging desperately to a stay. He stood there, with the seas swinging up behind him, and stubbornly refused to come.'

'You told him of his father's illness?' asked Pamela.

'He replied that his father had not sent for him.'

'You spoke of the candles lit every night?'

'His answer was the same. His father had not sent for him. Besides, he had his time to serve. He had signed on for eight weeks. There was only one moment when I thought that there was a chance I might persuade him; and, indeed, my persuasions had really nothing to do with it at all. It was just the mention of your name.'

'My name?' asked Pamela, in surprise.

'Yes. In answer to a question of his I told him that I had been sent out by you, and for a moment he faltered.'

Pamela nodded her head in comprehension.

'I understand; but he refused in the end?'

'Yes. He said: "One must take one's risks."'

Pamela repeated the sentence softly to herself; and Warrisden crossed over to her side. His voice took a gentler note, and one still more serious than that which he had used.

'Do you know what I think?' he asked. 'You sent me out with a message to Stretton. I think that he has sent me back

with a message for you—"One must take one's risks." He said that he had learned that in the North Sea. He pointed to the little boats carrying the fish-boxes to the steamer through the heavy, breaking seas. Each man in each of the boats was taking his risks. "Whether it's lacing your topsail or taking in a reef," he said, "one must take one's risks."

Pamela was silent for awhile after he had spoken. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and her face most serious. Then she looked up at her companion with a very friendly smile; but she did not answer him at all. And when she spoke, she spoke words which utterly surprised him. All the time since the ketches had disappeared behind the waves he had been plagued with the thought of the distress which defeat would cause her; and here she was saying:

'I am very glad that you went out to the North Sea for me, even though the journey proved fruitless. It makes us so much the better friends, doesn't it? And that is a gain for me. Think of it that way, and you will not mind the hardships and the waste of time.'

She held out her hand—rather a rare act with her—and Warrisen took it. Then came the explanation why defeat meant so little just at this time.

'I need not have sent you at all,' she continued, 'could I have foreseen. Sir John Stretton died yesterday afternoon, suddenly. I received a telegram last night from Millie. So Tony will naturally come home when his four weeks are up. I wrote last night to Millie telling her where Tony was.' Then she added: 'But I am glad that I did not foresee.'

She rose from her chair, and they walked out through the hall to the front of the house. A groom was holding Pamela's horse. The others who were hunting that day had already ridden off. Warrisen helped her into the saddle, and she rode away.

Sir John had died, and Stretton would now naturally come home. That explained to Warrisen how it was that Pamela made so little of the defeat. But it was not the whole explanation. Pamela was waking from her long sleep, like the princess in the fairy tale, and the mere act of waking was a pleasure. In the stir of emotions, hitherto rigorously suppressed, in the exercise of sympathies, she found a delight such as one may find in the mere stretching of one's muscles after a deep rest. The consciousness of life as a thing enjoyable began to tingle in her. She was learning

again lessons which she remembered once to have learned before. The joy of being needed by those one needs—there was one of them. She had learned a new one to-day—‘One must take one’s risks.’ She repeated the sentence over to herself as she rode between the hedgerows on this morning which had the sparkle of spring. A few days ago she would have put that view of life away from her. Now, old as it was, simple as it was, she pondered upon it as though it were a view quite novel. She found it, moreover, pleasant. She had travelled, indeed, further along the new road than she was aware. The truth is that she had rather hugged to herself the great trouble which had overshadowed her life. She had done so unwittingly. She had allowed it to dominate her after it had lost its power to dominate, and from force of habit. She began to be aware of it now that she had stepped out from her isolation and was gathering again the strings of her life into her hands.

. . . . .

But Pamela was wrong in her supposition that since Sir John’s death the danger for Millicent was at an end. Tony Stretton would now return home, she thought; and nothing was further from Tony’s thoughts. At the time when Pamela was riding through the lanes of Leicestershire on that morning of early spring, Tony was lying in his bunk in the cabin of the *Perseverance* reading over, for the thousandth time, certain letters which he kept beneath his pillow. This week he kept the long night watch from midnight until eight of the morning; it was now eleven, and he had the cabin to himself. The great gale had blown itself out. The trawl, which for three days had remained safely stowed under the lee bulwarks, was now dragging behind the boat; with her topsails set the ketch was sailing full and by the wind; and down the open companion the sunlight streamed into the cabin and played like water upon the floor. The letters Tony Stretton was reading were those which Millie had sent him. Disappointment was plain in every line; they were sown with galling expressions of pity; here and there contempt peeped out. Yet he was glad to have them; they were his monitors, and he found a stimulus in their very cruelty. Though he knew them by heart, he continually read them on mornings like this, when the sun shone down the companion, and the voices of his fellow sailors called cheerily overhead; at night, leaning upon his elbow, and spelling them out by the dim light of the swinging lamp, while the crew slept about him in their bunks.



To his companions he was rather a mystery. To some of them he was just down on his luck; to others he was a man 'who had done something.'

'I suppose you have come out here to lie doggo,' said the skipper to him, shouting out the words in the height of the gale, when both were standing by the lashed wheel one night. 'I ask no questions. All I say is, you do your work. I have had no call to slap a haddick across your face. I say that fair and square. Water!'

He concluded his speech with a yell. Stretton saw a ragged line of white suddenly flash out in the darkness, high up by the weather bow, and descend with a roar. It was a wave breaking down upon the deck. Both men flung themselves down the companion, and the water sluiced after them and washed them struggling about the floor of the cabin. The wave saved Stretton from the need to reply, and the skipper did not refer to the subject again.

Stretton had signed on for this cruise on the *Perseverance* because he wanted a time during which he could be quite sure of his livelihood. So far he had failed. He must map out a new course for himself upon his life's chart. But for that work he needed time for thought, and that time, up till now, he had not enjoyed. The precarious existence which he had led since he had lost the half of Millie's small fortune—now a clerk in a store, and a failure; now a commercial traveller, and again a failure—had left him little breathing space wherein to gather up his slow thoughts and originate a new plan. That breathing space, however, the *Perseverance* had afforded him. During the long watches on fine nights, when the dark sails, swinging up and down to the motion of the boat, revealed and obscured the stars, he wrestled with the difficult problem of his life.

He could go back when his cruise was over if he chose. His father was dying; he faced the fact quite frankly. The object with which he set out would be, after all, accomplished, though not accomplished by himself. There would be a house for Millie and himself independent of the old man's caprice; their life would be freed from the shadow of his tyranny; their seclusion would come to an end; they could let the sunlight in upon their lives. Yes! But there were the letters down in the cabin there, underneath his pillow. Did not they alter the position? He had gone away to keep his wife, just, in a word, to prevent that very contempt of which the letters gave him proof. Must he not now stay away in order to regain her? His wife was at the bottom of all his thoughts.

He had no blame for her, however much her written words might hurt. He looked back upon their life together, its pleasant beginnings when they were not merely lovers, but very good friends into the bargain. For it is possible to be the one and yet not the other. They were good days, the days in the little house in Deanery Street, days full of fun and good temper and amusement. He recalled their two seasons in London—London bright with summer—and making of each long day a too short holiday. Then had come the change, sudden, dark, and complete. In the place of freedom, subjection; in the place of company, isolation; in the place of friends, a sour old man, querulous and exacting. Then had come the great hope of another home; and swiftly upon that hope its failure through his incapacity. He could not blame her for the letters underneath his pillow. He was no less set upon regaining her than he had been before on keeping her. His love for her had been the chief motive of his life when he left the house in Berkeley Square. It remained so still. Could he go back, he asked himself?

There was one inducement persuading him always to answer 'Yes'—the sentence which Pamela had spoken, and which she had refused to explain. He should be at his wife's side. He had never understood that saying; it remained fixed in his memory, plaguing him. He should be at his wife's side. So Pamela Mardale had said, and for what Pamela said he had the greatest respect. Well, he could be in a few weeks at his wife's side. But would it not be at too great a cost unless he had first redeemed himself from her contempt?

Thus he turned and turned, and saw no issue anywhere. The days slipped by, and one morning the fish-cutter brought to him a letter, which told him that four days ago his father had died. He could not reach home in time for the funeral even if he started at once. And he could not start at once; he had signed on for eight weeks.

But the letter left him face to face with the old problem. Should he go back or should he stay away? And if he stayed away what should he do?

He came on deck one morning, and his skipper said:

'There's a fog on land, Stretton.'

'How do you know that?' asked Stretton.

The captain pointed to some birds hovering over the masts of the ketch.

'Those are land birds,' said he. 'Look, there's a thrush and there's a blackbird. You won't find them so far from land without a reason. There has been a fog, and very likely a storm. They have lost their bearings in the fog.'

The birds hovered about the ships of the fleet calling plaintively—here, at all events, were men recognisably belonging to the land they vainly sought. Stretton, watching them, felt very much like one of those birds. He, too, had lost his way in a fog, and though he made no outcry, his need of guidance was no less great than theirs.

Then came a morning at last when the trawl was hauled in for the last time, and the boat's head pointed towards Yarmouth.

'When shall we reach harbour?' Stretton asked anxiously.

'If this breeze holds, in twenty-four hours,' replied the skipper.

Twenty-four hours! Just a day and a night, and Stretton would step from the deck on to Gorleston Quay; and he was no nearer to the solution of his problem than when he had stepped from the quay on to the deck eight weeks ago. Those eight weeks were to have resolved all his perplexities, and lo! the eight weeks had passed.

He was in a fever of restlessness. He paced the deck all the day when he was not standing at the wheel; at night he could not sleep, but stood leaning over the bulwarks, watching the stars trembling in the quiet water. At one o'clock in the morning the *Perseverance* passed a lightship. Already the boat was so near home! And in the hour which followed, his eight weeks of solitary communing, forced, as it were, by immediate necessity, bore their fruit. His inspiration—he counted the idea no less than an inspiration—came to him suddenly. He saw all at once his course marked out for him upon the chart of life. He would not suffer a doubt of it to enter his mind; he welcomed it with passion, and the great load was lifted from his mind. The idea had come. It was water in a dry land.

A fisherman leaning over the bulwark by Stretton's side heard him suddenly begin to sing over to himself a verse or two of a song:

Oh, come out, mah love! I'm a-waiting foh you heah!  
Doan' you keep yuh window closed to-night.

It was a coon song which Stretton was humming over to himself. His voice dropped to a murmur. He stopped and laughed

softly to himself, as though the song had very dear associations in his thoughts. Then his voice rose again, and there was now a kind of triumph in the lilt of the song, which had nothing to do with the words :

De stars all a-gwine put dey little ones to bed  
Wid dey ' hush now, sing a lullaby,'  
De man in de moon nod his sleepy, sleepy head,  
And de sandman put a little in his eye.

The words went lilting out over the quiet sea. It seemed to Stretton that they came from a lighted window just behind him, and were sung in a woman's voice. He was standing on a lawn surrounded by high dark trees in the warmth of a summer night. He was looking out past the islets over eight miles of quiet water to the clustered lights of the yachts in Oban Bay. The coon song was that which his wife had sung to him on one evening he was never to forget ; and this night he had recovered its associations. It was no longer ' a mere song sung by somebody.' It seemed to him, so quickly did his anticipations for once outrun his judgment, that he had already recovered his wife.

The *Perseverance* was moored alongside of the quay at eight o'clock in the morning, and just at that time Millie was reading a letter of condolence from Lionel Callon.

(To be continued.)

## *A CITY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES*

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

STEAMING down the Potomac, on an October day, with Maryland on one bank and Virginia on the other, Washington in the farther distance, one catches sight of the Obelisk a grateful nation erected to its greatest man. Seen from this distance, its base embowered in trees, its topmost point piercing the blue of an almost Italian sky, the perfectly proportioned pillar suggests a note of admiration evoked by contemplation of the beautiful city and its surroundings.

A combination of simplicity and strength, no memorial conceived by man could more appropriately keep green the memory of Washington. As he towered above his fellows, so does his monument lift its head higher than any other structure of masonry in the world. From a base of 15 feet thickness it mounts 555 feet towards the sun, tapering to a point rising from a block a foot and a half square. The glistening whiteness of its marble, quarried in Maryland, bears testimony to the record of a blameless life. Not a word or date is inscribed upon it, a reticence that is the sublimation of its perfection. For only one American could such a monument be raised, for him who was 'first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen'—George Washington.

It was along this pathway of the Potomac that Washington, grown old and deaf, weary with a long life's labour, passed to the peace of his home at Mount Vernon. Loving hands have rescued this quaintly fashioned wooden mansion, with its white walls and red-tiled roof, restoring it as nearly as possible to the condition in which it was on the morning when the soldier-statesman finally closed his eyes.

There stands as he left it the four-post bed in which he died, the quaint furniture, the elaborately carved looking glasses, and the delightful Lilliputian trunk, with prodigious straps and portentous leather flap over the lock, that used to accompany him on his coach journeys. The coach itself, more than a hundred years ago drawn by six horses in accordance with Washington's ideas of presidential state, stands at ease in the very shed whence it used to be wheeled out for its master's use. Except the travelling

box, there is nothing that brought to my mind more sharply the personality of Washington than this stately coach, with its steps let down as if the master had just quitted it, its lanterns ready for night duty, its rusty wheels, its generous springs, and its traces of yesterday's travel.

Standing on the bluff on which the old homestead was built, looking towards the Maryland shore, there comes back a more modern memory. It was just here that the late Lord Coleridge, then Lord Chief Justice of England, viewed the scene in company with Mr. Evarts. The senator spoke of Washington's great personal strength.

'Yes,' said Lord Coleridge, 'I have heard that standing here he could throw a dollar right across the Potomac into Maryland. That seems incredible.'

'Well,' said Evarts with a twinkle in his eye, 'you know a dollar went farther in those days.'

The city of Washington was located by the President whose name it bears. Apart from its beauty, it is in some respects unique. One hundred square miles of land ceded by Virginia and Maryland were, in Washington's time, set apart as a metropolitan district. The national flag flaunts the stars of forty-five States. This is 'The District of Columbia,' a place set apart, ruled directly through a Board of Commissioners by the President and Congress, its citizens belonging to no State, having neither voice nor vote in local or national government.

The site of the city was plotted out by a French officer of engineers, who, fresh from the terrors of revolutionary Paris, saw to it that, if things came to the worst, law and order should prevail in Washington. Accordingly he ruled straight a number of broad boulevards, easily swept with cannon should occasion arise. It never presented itself, and through more than a century of peaceful times—the northern capital escaped the contamination of gunpowder during the Civil War—the broad thoroughfares have been asphalted, trees have been planted on the side walks, and behind them roomy mansions have grown up.

In these conditions, one effect of Major L'Enfant's prevision has been to increase the beauty of Washington by long vistas. Saul journeying towards Damascus was directed to 'go into the street which is called Straight.' Such an injunction would be bewildering in Washington, where all the streets are straight. They are traversed by an excellent service of trams, commodious, clean,

cheap, incessant in succession. The difficulty about high cab fares, that irritates the Londoner accustomed to his hansom cab, is overcome here. For  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. an electric tram car will convey him, at least within a block or two, whithersoever he may want to go.

Washington makes the most of its rare advantages for displaying public buildings. We have our St. Paul's and Westminster, priceless heritages of times when Church architecture flourished. But we have no room to spare for properly setting them off. Washington has placed the pride of its heart, its Capitol, on a hill, where glimpses may be caught of it from any part of the city. Round its base sweeps a broad boulevard which sets off to advantage its stately symmetry. The monotony of streets running on severe parallel lines is broken in a score of places by what are called circles, the centre being a greensward or flower garden with benches for the accommodation of the wayfarer. Most of these open spaces have monuments, the majority worthy of their prominence and the name they bear.

Oddly enough, the Capitol itself enshrines some woeful exercises alike in statuary and painting. They debase the beauty of the Rotunda, crying aloud for some beneficent strong arm to sweep them away. Flanking the promised Panama Canal at given distances, they would be excellent; or they might be used for marking the boundary of Alaska. Set in the most public place in the Capitol, searing the eyes of man, they are lamentable. Their history illustrates the weak point in American public life. They are the gift of State Legislatures, each one sending a statue of the man it most delights to honour. The commission for the work was obtained by log-rolling in the lobby of the Legislature, and was given, not to the best sculptor, but to the man who, in addition to sculpturing, had a circle of friends commanding the largest political vote.

Facing the Capitol, which, owing to perversity in the direction of growth, stands with its back to the city, is the Congressional Library. Built at the cost of the State, something like a million and a half sterling was lavished upon it. The result is the most beautiful building of the kind in the world. The entrance hall, rising from a marble flooring to a lofty ceiling decked in blue and yellow, is so sumptuously adorned with sculpture, painting, gilding, and coloured marble as narrowly to escape garish effect. But escape is achieved. It is magnificent. Looked down upon from the gallery, the reading room, with its plain desks, at which sit



workers, chiefly women, is enchanting. One would like to live in Washington if it were only for the privilege of coming daily to this hall of intellectual delight, with its walls and pillars of dark marble quarried in Tennessee, yellow marble shipped from Siena, red marble the tribute of distant Numidia.

The Library is equipped with marvellous machinery for distributing and collecting books. Demand for a particular book, set forth on a particular form, is despatched to the underground chamber, carefully heated and ventilated, where the store is kept. The attendant places the book in a basket, touches a lever, and off goes the basket with its contents to be surely and safely delivered to the man who despatched the message. There is something uncanny in the dealing of the machinery with the volumes. A tunnel a quarter of a mile long connects the Library with the Capitol. A senator or a congressman clapping his hands by way of signal brings to his side a page boy, to whom he hands written particulars of the desired book. In the space of three minutes the volume is delivered at his desk.

In the 'Arabian Nights' there is much clapping of hands by way of summoning genii. Not through the record of the Thousand and One Nights was there accomplished result more marvellous than this everyday incident in the Legislative Chambers at Washington.

The White House faces the Capitol in accordance with ordered plan, just as, unbeknown to probably nine out of ten members of the British Parliament, the woolsack in the Lords directly faces the Speaker's chair in the Commons. The difference in the case of the White House and the Capitol is that a distance of something like two miles intervenes. A magnificent project is contemplated, and will doubtless at no great distance of time be carried out, whereby only a stretch of green glade and garden land shall lie between the two buildings, thus adding to the magnificent distances that have bestowed upon Washington its poetical name.

The White House—no one but foreign ministers can be induced to use its formal title, the Executive Mansion of the President of the United States—is a two-storied stone building painted white. The foundation stone laid a hundred and twelve years ago, the building was first occupied by Mr. Adams, President in 1800. It was burnt by the British in 1814, rebuilt in 1818, and has since been associated with much of the history of the United States and of the world.

Here, with no visible state inside or out, dwells the head of a nation who wields more autocratic power than a constitutional king. No sentry challenges the morning caller. A single policeman lounging by the doorstep regards the call as the most natural thing in the world. Passing through the open door, the President's guests are received by his secretary with the unostentatious courtesy that belongs to the well-ordered house of a private gentleman.

We in England are accustomed to the high courtesy displayed by the United States in sending their most gifted men to represent them at the Court of St. James's. From James Russell Lowell to Mr. Choate, the social and public life of London have been graced by the companionship of men of culture gifted with eloquence and strong personal magnetism. It is, doubtless, from lack of opportunity of personal observation that one is agreeably surprised to find these qualities enlarged in the President. The insular idea of the President of the United States is that he is the accident of a political organisation, chancing to triumph over a rival. Mr. Roosevelt was not President to begin with. He was merely Vice-President; a rough rider to boot, a distinction of which he is proud. I confess that to British ears it conveys the impression of a bearded man in flannel shirt and top boots, with a tendency to use blustering language.

Sitting at the President's hospitable table, with a small company, including the French Minister at Washington, one of the greatest living authorities on Shakespeare, and a much travelled American of whom it is not quite determined by his friends whether he more intimately knew Abe Lincoln or is more fondly conversant with Cicero, the rough rider in whom foreign nations have come to recognise a statesman of highest rank disclosed the scholar versed alike in ancient and modern literature. In its variety, grasp of subject, out-of-the-way knowledge, and its evidence of marvellous memory, the table-talk of the President reminds me more of Mr. Gladstone's than of any man I have known.

The mystery is how and when the President of the United States finds time for the voluminous, multifarious reading that forms an appreciative portion of his daily life. I gather that the secret lies in using up odd ten minutes and quarters of an hour, with occasional awakening at three o'clock in the morning to find a book fortuitously by his bedside. Early in the conversation the President startled me by quoting Solomon Peel, the attorney who plays a casual part in the history of Mr. Pickwick. From Peel to Pliny is

a far cry in the alphabet, as are the references in literature. The President was equal to both. It must not be supposed from this rough manner of telling the story that either Pliny or Peel was obtrusively dragged into the conversation whether by head or by heels. Each reference served to illustrate a turn in the conversation, and was followed by others equally happy.

The President, in the presence of a foreign minister, spoke with possibly artless frankness of his Government's relations with Panama, at the time of my visit the main topic of discussion. Some of the newspapers, who expect no good thing to come out of the Nazareth of the White House during its present occupancy, boldly aver that the revolution was a put-up job, the strings being pulled, with the connivance of the President, by that arch-conspirator Colonel John Hay, Secretary of State—or, as he would rank in England, Foreign Minister.

I will not pretend (the President remarked in an aside of conversation that has its historical interest) that I was not prepared for contingencies. For some time it had become clear that the Bogotá Government were trifling with us, resolved that we should not, except on their undefined terms, make the canal at Panama. I confess we meant to make the canal with or without their consent, if not by the Panama route, then by Nicaragua. As a matter of fact, little more than a week ago I framed a rough draft of my message to Congress for the opening of the regular Session. In it I called upon Congress to decide which route should be taken. The Executive Government would have been prepared to carry out either decision. Then came the rebellion at Panama, and the setting up of a new Government, who recognise the obvious fact that no people in the world have their prosperity more intimately connected with the construction of a canal through Panama, than have the inhabitants of that country. This simplifies matters. It certainly relieves me from the necessity of polishing up the rough draft of my message to Congress, written at the time when my Government was as ignorant of the plans of the revolutionary party in Panama as was the Government of Bogotá. The question now is, not whether we shall cut the canal by the Panama or Nicaraguan route, but how soon can we get shovel and pick at work in Panama?

On the question of the ultimate annexation of Panama, the President was emphatic in deprecation of such intention. 'The

United States,' he said, 'have enough to care for without appropriating tropical territory.' In accordance with the same spirit the States did not want to have Cuba on its hands. It was unwillingly forced by circumstances to interfere. Mr. Roosevelt has a profound admiration for Diaz as President of Mexico. He would gladly have seen Mexico, under his rule, take Cuba in hand. As things shaped themselves, disinterested, unambitious America was obliged to step in, entering upon what proved an unexpectedly long and costly war of conquest.

Keenly observant, swift and accurate judge of character, the President has a way of summing up the qualities of a public man. Of the German Emperor he remarked: 'If he had been born an American citizen, on however low a social scale, he would have come to be boss of his ward.'

Reference to the chronically disturbed state of things in Cuba and Columbia drew from the travelled American, now holding important office in the Home Government of Mr. Roosevelt, a charming reminiscence. Thirty years ago, visiting San Domingo in official capacity, he was taken in hand by a newly appointed minister, who undertook to show him round. Coming to the courtyard of a prominent building, the guide pointed to a doorway, and remarked, as complacently as if he were indicating the name of a street, 'That is where our last Emperor was shot.'

In the course of his sojourn he came upon an aged man, held in high esteem by the community, because he had been witness of a quite exceptional number of revolutions and lived to tell the tale.

'How many have you seen?' the visitor asked.

'Forty-two,' the patriarch modestly replied.

It appears that when a boy the old man had seen Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette carried to the guillotine. Emigrating to San Domingo, the tale of revolutions rapidly ran up till it exceeded forty.

One indispensable quality necessary to the making of a successful President of the United States is a strong physical constitution and tireless energy. There are perhaps few harder worked men in the world. Other rulers of great states are hedged about by carefully devised, peremptorily executed, ordinances of privacy. In the United States all men are equal, and have an inalienable right to intrude on the private life of the President. Three times a week the populace invade White House, pass in long line through its rooms to shake hands with the President, ask him how he's

getting on, and how his family fare. This is merely by the way. There are recurring epochs, such as the Fourth of July, when he suffers this discipline by the hour.

This quaint exuberance of national feeling is a sort of excrecence on a year's work. The daily round of toil, beginning early in the morning and continuing till nearly midnight, is of itself sufficient to break down the most buoyant spirit, the strongest physique. On the day of our visit the President, detained by urgent public business, kept luncheon waiting a quarter of an hour. When it was over, leading the way to the room upstairs, formerly the Cabinet Council Chamber of Presidents, he was intercepted by news that the ministers of two Continental States were awaiting audience. The ceremony did not last long, and Mr. Roosevelt was back again in inexhaustible spirits, bubbling with good humour, insistent, as if he had nothing else in the world to do, upon showing his guests the treasures of his private room.

Among the pictures on the wall is a large sketch by the German Emperor, in which with his own hand he had drawn to scale every ship in the American Navy. This example of patient industry bears the Emperor's sign manual, and was given to the President by Prince Henry on his recent visit to the United States.

## HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

## IV. THE STRANGE CASE OF DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME.

THE case of Daniel Dunglas Home is said, in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' to present a curious and unsolved problem. It really presents, I think, two problems equally unsolved, one scientific, and the other social. How did Mr. Home, the son of Scottish parents in the lower middle class at highest, educated (as far as he was educated at all) in a village of Connecticut, attain his social position? I do not ask why he was 'taken up' by members of noble English families: 'the caresses of the great' may be lavished on athletes, and actors, and musicians, and Home's remarkable performances were quite enough to make him welcome in country houses. Moreover, he played the piano, the accordion, and other musical instruments. For his mysterious 'gift' he might be invited to puzzle and amuse royal people (not in England), and continental emperors, and kings. But he did much more than what Houdin or Alexis could do. He successively married, with the permission and good will of the Czar, two Russian ladies of noble birth, a feat inexplicable when we think of the rules of the continental *noblesse*. A duc, or a prince, or a marquis may marry the daughter of an American citizen who has made a fortune in lard. But the daughters of the Russian *noblesse* do not marry poor American citizens with the good will of the Czar. By his marriages Home far outwent such famous charlatans as Cagliostro, Mesmer, and the mysterious Saint Germain the deathless. Cagliostro and Saint Germain both came on the world with an appearance of great wealth and display. The source of the opulence of Saint Germain is as obscure as was the source of the sudden enrichment of Beau Wilson, whom Law, the financier, killed in a duel. Cagliostro, like Law, may have acquired his diamonds by gambling or swindling. But neither these two men nor Mesmer, though much in the society of princes, could have hoped, openly and with the approval of Louis XV. or Louis XVI., to wed a noble lady. But Home did so twice, though he had no wealth at all.

Cagliostro was a low-born Neapolitan ruffian. But he had a

presence! In the Memoirs of Madame d'Oberkirch she tells us how much she disliked and distrusted Cagliostro, always avoiding him, and warning Cardinal Rohan against him—in vain. But she admits that the man dominated her, or would have dominated her, by something inexplicable in his eyes, his bearing, and his unaccountable knowledge, as when he publicly announced, on a certain day, the death of the great Empress, Maria Theresa, of which the news did not arrive till five days later. Now Home had none of this dominating personality. He has been described to me, by a lady who knew him in his later years, when he had ceased to work drawing-room miracles in society, as a gentle, kindly, quiet person, with no obvious fault, unless a harmless and childlike vanity be a fault. He liked to give readings and recitations, and he played the piano with a good deal of feeling. He was a fair linguist, he had been a Catholic, he was of the middle order of intelligence, he had no 'mission' except to prove that disembodied spirits exist, if that were a legitimate inference from the marvels which attended him. I presume that he spoke with the accent of Connecticut.

Mr. Robert Bell, in *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE*, Vol. II., 1860, described Home's miracles in an article called 'Stranger than Fiction.' His account of the man's personality is exactly like what I have already given. Home was 'a very mild specimen of familiar humanity.' His health was bad. 'The expression of his face in repose' (he was only twenty-seven) 'is that of physical suffering. . . . There is more kindliness and gentleness than vigour in the character of his features. . . . He is yet so young that the playfulness of boyhood has not passed away, and he never seems so thoroughly at ease with himself and others as when he is enjoying some light and temperate amusement.'

Thus there was nothing in Home to dominate or even to excite personal curiosity. He and his more intimate friends, not marchionesses but middle-class people, corresponded in a style of rather distasteful effusiveness. He was a tame cat about a house, not a Don Juan. I have never heard a whisper about light loves—unless Mr. Hamilton Aidé, to be quoted later, reports such a whisper—not a word against his private character, except that he allowed a terribly vulgar rich woman to adopt him, and give him a very large sum of money. We shall see later that she probably had mixed motives both for giving and for withdrawing the gift, but there cannot, I think, be a doubt that 'the spirits' had rapped out a command to give Home some thirty thousand pounds.



Spirits ought not to do these things, and, certainly, honour should have prevented Home from taking the widow's gold even if they did. Beyond this one affair, and an alleged case of imposture at a *séance*, Home's private character raised no scandals that have survived into our knowledge. It is a very strange thing, as we shall see, that the cause of Home's miracles in broad daylight or artificial light, could never be traced to fraud, or, indeed, to any known cause; while the case in which imposture is alleged on first-hand evidence occurred under conditions of light so bad as to make detection as difficult as belief ought to have been impossible. It is difficult to feel sure that we have certainly detected a fraud in very bad light; but it is absurd to believe in a miracle, when the conditions of light are such as almost to make detection miraculous.

Given this mild young musical man with an American accent, the problems of how he achieved his social successes, and how he managed for years to escape exposure, if he did his miracles by conjuring, are almost equally perplexing. The second puzzle is perhaps the less hard of the two, for Home did not take money as a medium (though he took money's worth), and in private society few seized and held the mystic hands that moved about, or when they seized they could not hold them. The hands melted away, so people said.

A sketch of Home's life must now be given.<sup>1</sup> He was born in 1833, at Currie, a village near Edinburgh. In his later years he sent to his second wife a photograph of the street of cottages beside the burn, in one of which he first saw the light. His father had a right to bear the arms of the Earls of Home, with a bend sinister, being the natural son of Alexander, tenth Earl of Home.<sup>2</sup> The Medium's ancestor had fought, or, according to other accounts, had shirked fighting, at Flodden Field, as is popularly known from the ballad 'The Sutors of Selkirk.' The maiden name of Home's mother was Macneil. He was adopted by an aunt, who, about 1842, carried the wondrous child to America. He had, since he was four years old, given examples of second sight; it was in the family. Home's mother, who died in 1850, was second-sighted,

<sup>1</sup> I follow *Incidents in My Life*, Series i. ii., 1864, 1872. *The Gift of Daniel Home*, by Madame Dunglas Home and other authorities.

Home mentions this fact in a note, correcting an error of Sir David Brewster's, *Incidents*, ii. 48, Note 1. The Earl of Home about 1856 asked questions on the subject, and Home 'stated what my connection with the family was.' Dunglas is the second title in the family.

as were her great-uncle, an Urquhart, and her uncle, a Mackenzie. So far there was nothing unusual or alarming in Home's case, at least to any intelligent Highlander. Not till 1850, after his mother's death, did Home begin to hear 'loud blows on the head of my bed, as if struck by a hammer.' The Wesley family, in 1716-17, had been quite familiar with this phenomenon, and with other rappings, and movements of objects untouched. In fact all these things are of world-wide diffusion, and I know no part of the world, savage or civilised, where such things do not happen, according to the evidence.<sup>1</sup>

In no instance, as far as I am informed, did anything extraordinary occur in connection with Home, which cannot be paralleled in the accounts of Egyptian mediums in Iamblichus.

In 1850 America was interested in 'The Rochester Knockings,' and the case of the Fox girls, a replica of the old Cock Lane case which interested Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole. The Fox girls became professional mediums, and, long afterwards, confessed that they were impostors. They were so false that their confession is of no value as evidence, but certainly they were humbugs. The air was full of talk about them, and other people like them, when Home, aged seventeen, was so constantly attended by noises of rappings that his aunt threw a chair at him, summoned three preachers, an Independent, a Baptist, and a Wesleyan (Home was then a Wesleyan), and plunged into conflict with the devil. The furniture now began to move about, untouched by man, and Home's aunt turned him out of the house. Home went to a friend in another little town, people crowded to witness the phenomena, and the press blazoned the matter abroad. Henceforth, Home was a wonder worker; but once, for a whole year—February 1856 to February 1857—'the power' entirely deserted him, and afterwards, for shorter periods.

In 1852 he was examined by the celebrated American poet, Bryant, by a professor of Harvard, and others, who reported the usual physical phenomena, and emphatically declared that 'we know we were not imposed upon or deceived.' 'Spirits' spoke through the voice of the entranced Home, or rapped out messages, usually gushing, and Home floated in the air, at the house of a Mr. Ward Cheney, at South Manchester, Connecticut. This pheno-

<sup>1</sup> The curious reader may consult my *Cock Lane and Common Sense*, and *The Making of Religion*, for examples of savage, mediæval, ancient Egyptian, and European cases.

menon is constantly reported in the Bible, in the Lives of the Saints by the Bollandists, in the experiences of the early Irvingites, in witch trials, in Iamblichus, and in savage and European folk lore. Lord Elcho, who was out with Prince Charles in the Forty-Five, writes in his unpublished Memoirs that, being at Rome about 1767, he went to hear the evidence in the process of canonising a saint, recently dead, and heard witnesses swear that they had seen the saint, while alive, floating about in the air, like Home. St. Theresa was notorious for this accomplishment. Home's first feat of this kind occurred 'in a darkened room,' a very dark room indeed, as the evidence shows. It had been darkened on purpose to try an experiment in seeing 'N rays,' which had been recently investigated by Reichenbach. Science has brought them recently back into notice. The evidence for the fact, in this case, was that people felt Home's feet. 'I have been lifted in the light of day only once, and that was in America;' also, in the light of four gas lamps 'in a room in Sloane Street.'

After attracting a good deal of notice in New York, Home, on April 9, 1855, turned up at Cox's Hotel, Jermyn Street, where Mr. Cox gave him hospitality as a *non-paying guest*. Now occurred the affair of Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham. Both were capable of hallucinations. Lord Brougham published an account of a common death-bed wraith, which he saw once while in a bath (the vision coincided with the death of the owner of the wraith), and Sir David's daughter tells how that philosopher saw, in St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, a wraith whose owner was in perfect health. Sir David sent letters, forming a journal, to his family, and, in June (no day given) 1855, described his visit to Home. He says that he, Lord Brougham, Mr. Cox, and Home sat down 'at a moderately sized table, *the structure of which we were invited to examine*. In a short time the table shuddered, and a tremulous motion ran up our arms. . . . The table actually rose from the ground, when no hand was upon it. A larger table was produced, and exhibited similar movements. An accordion was held in Lord Brougham's hand, and gave out a single note. . . . A small hand-bell was then laid with its mouth on the carpet, and after lying for some time, it actually rang when nothing could have touched it. The bell was then placed upon the other side, still upon the carpet, and it came over to me, and placed itself in my hand. It did the same to Lord Brougham. These were the principal experiments; we could give no explanation of them, and

could not conjecture how they could be produced by any kind of mechanism. . . . We do not believe that it was the work of spirits.'

So Sir David wrote in a private letter of June 1855, just after the events. But the affair came to be talked about, and, on September 29, 1855, Sir David wrote to 'The Morning Advertiser.' He had seen, he said, 'several mechanical effects which I was unable to explain. . . . But I saw enough to convince myself that they could all be produced by human feet and hands,' though he also, in June, 'could not conjecture how they could be produced by any kind of mechanism.' Later, October 9, Sir David again wrote to the newspaper. This time he said that he might have discovered the fraud, had he 'been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of the table.' But in June he said that he 'was invited to examine the structure of the table.' He denied that 'a large table was moved about in a most extraordinary way.' In June he had asserted that this occurred. He declared that the bell did not ring. In June he averred that it rang 'when nothing could have touched it.' In October he suggested that machinery attached to 'the lower extremities of Mr. Home's body' could produce the effects: in June 'we could not conjecture how they could be produced by any kind of mechanism.' On Sir David's death, his daughter and biographer, Mrs. Gordon, published (1869) his letter of June 1855. Home then scored rather freely, as the man of science denied publicly, in October 1855, what he had privately written to his family in June 1855, when the events were fresh in his memory. This was not the only case in which 'a scientist of European reputation' did not increase his reputation for common veracity in his attempts to put down Home.

The adventures of Home in the Courts of Europe, his desertion of the errors of Wesleyan Methodism for those of the Church of Rome, his handsome entertainment by diamond-giving emperors, his expulsion from Rome as a sorcerer, and so forth, cannot be dealt with here for lack of space. We come to the great Home-Browning problem.

In 1855, Home met Mr. and Mrs. Browning at the house of a Mr. Rymer, at Ealing, the first of only two meetings.<sup>1</sup> On this occasion, says Home, a wreath of clematis rose from the table and floated towards Mrs. Browning, behind whom her husband went and stood. The wreath settled on the lady's head, not on that of Mr. Browning, who, Home thought, was jealous of the favour.

<sup>1</sup> *Incidents*, ii. 105.

This is manifestly absurd. Soon after, all but Mr. Rymer were asked to leave the room. Two days later, Mr. Browning asked to be allowed to bring a friend for another *séance*, but the arrangements of the Rymers, with whom Home was staying, made this impossible. Later, Home, with Mrs. Rymer, called on the Brownings in town, and Mr. Browning declined to notice Home; there was a scene, and Mrs. Browning (who was later a three-quarters believer in 'spirits') was distressed. In 1864 Mr. Browning published 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium,' which had the air of a personal attack on Home as a detected and confessing American impostor. Such is Home's account. It was published in 1872, and was open to contradiction. I am not aware that Mr. Browning took any public notice of it.

In July 1889 the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Professor W. F. Barrett published, in the 'Journal of the Society for Psychical Research,' p. 102, the following statement: 'We have found no allegations of *fraud*' (in Home) 'on which we should be justified in laying much stress. Mr. Robert Browning has told to one of us' (Mr. Myers) 'the circumstances which mainly led to that opinion of Home which was expressed in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." It appears that a lady (since dead) repeated to Mr. Browning a statement made to her by a lady and gentleman (since dead) as to their finding Home in the act of experimenting with phosphorus on the production of 'spirit lights,' which (so far as Mr. Browning remembers) were to be rubbed round the walls of the room, near the ceiling, so as to appear when the room was darkened. This piece of evidence powerfully impressed Mr. Browning; but it comes to us at third hand, without written record, and at a distance of nearly forty years.'

Clearly this story is not evidence against Home.

But, several years ago, an eminent writer, whom I need not name, published in a newspaper another version. Mr. Browning had told him, he said, that, sitting with Home and Mrs. Browning (apparently alone, these three) in a darkened room, he saw a white object rise above the table. This Home represented as the phantasm of a child of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, which died in infancy. Mr. Browning seized the phantasm, which was Home's naked foot.

But (1) Mr. and Mrs. Browning had no child which died in infancy; and (2) Mrs. Browning's belief survived the shock. On December 5, 1902, in the 'Times Literary Supplement,' a letter by Mr. R. Barrett Browning appeared. He says: 'Mr. Hume, who

subsequently changed his name to Home' ('Home' is pronounced 'Hume' in Scotland), 'was detected in "a vulgar fraud," for I have heard my father repeatedly describe how he caught hold of his foot *under* the table.' In the other story the foot was *above* the table; in the new version no infant phantasm occurs. Moreover, to catch a man's foot under a table in itself proves nothing. What was the foot doing, and why did Mr. Browning not tell this story to Mr. Myers? We 'get no forrarder.'

On November 28, 1902, Mr. Merrifield, in the 'Times Literary Supplement,' published a letter of August 30 (?), 1855, from Mrs. Browning to Miss De Gaudrion, as to the *séance* with the Brownings at Ealing. Mrs. Browning enclosed a letter from Mr. Browning, giving his impressions. '*Mine, I must frankly say, were entirely different,*' wrote Mrs. Browning; and Home says: 'Mrs. Browning was much moved, and she not only then but ever since expressed her entire belief and pleasure in what occurred.' In her letter, Mrs. Browning adds: 'For my own part, and in my own conscience, I find no reason for considering the medium in question responsible for anything seen or heard on that occasion.' But 'I consider that the seeking for intercourse with any particular spirit would be apt to end either in disappointment or delusion,' and she uses the phrase 'the supposed spirits.'

This lady cannot conceivably have been looking for the ghost of a child that never was born, and been deceived by Home's white foot, which Mr. Browning then caught hold of—an incident which Mrs. Browning could not have forgotten by August 30, 1855, if it occurred in July of that year. Yet Mr. — has published the statement that Mr. Browning told him that story of Home's foot, dead child, and all, and Mr. — is a man of undoubted honour, and of the acutest intelligence.

Mr. Browning (August 30, 1855) assured Miss De Gaudrion that he held 'the whole display of hands,' 'spirit utterances,' &c., to be 'a cheat and imposture.' He acquitted the Rymers (at whose house the *séance* was held) of collusion, and spoke very highly of their moral character. But he gave no reason for his disbelief, and said nothing about catching hold of Home's foot either under or above the table. He simply states his opinion; the whole affair was 'melancholy stuff.' How can we account for the story of Mr. Browning and Home's foot? Can poets possess an imagination too exuberant, or a memory not wholly accurate?

But Mr. Merrifield had written, on August 18, 1855, a record of an

Ealing *séance* of July 1855. About fourteen people sat round a table, in a room of which two windows opened on the lawn. The nature of the light is not stated. There was 'heaving up of the table, tapping, playing an accordion under the table, and so on.' No details are given; but there were no visible hands. Later, by such light as filters in when the moon has set on a clear night, Home gave another *séance*. 'The outlines of the windows we could well see, and the form of any large object intervening before them, though not with accuracy of outline.' In circumstances so favourable to exact observation, Mr. Merrifield detected 'an object resembling a child's hand with a long wide sleeve attached to it' and also attached to Home's shoulder and arm, and moving as Home moved. A lady, who later became Mrs. Merrifield, corroborated.<sup>1</sup>

This is the one known case of detection of fraud, on Home's part, given on first-hand evidence, and written only a few weeks after the events. One other case I was told by the observer, very many years after the event, and in this case fraud was not necessarily implied. It is only fair to remark that Mr. F. W. H. Myers thought these 'phantasmal arms instructive in more than one respect,' as supplying 'a missing link between mere phantasms and ectoplasmic phenomena.'<sup>2</sup>

Now this is the extraordinary feature in the puzzle. There are many attested accounts of hands seen, in Home's presence, in a good light, with no attachment; and no fraud is known ever to have been detected in such instances. The strange fact is that if we have one record of a detection of Home in a puerile fraud in the dark, we have none of a detection in his most notable phenomena in a good light. To take one example. In 'The Nineteenth Century' for April 1896 Mr. Hamilton Aidé published the following statement, of which he had made the record in his Diary, 'more than twenty years ago.' Mr. Aidé also told me the story in conversation. He was 'prejudiced' against Home, whom he met at Nice, 'in the house of a Russian lady of distinction.' 'His *very* physical manifestations, I was told, had caused his expulsion from more than one private house.' Of these aberrations one has not heard elsewhere. Mr. Aidé was asked to meet M. Alphonse Karr, 'one of the hardest-headed, the wittiest, and most sceptical

<sup>1</sup> *Journal S.P.R.*, May 1903, pp. 77, 78.

<sup>2</sup> *Human Personality*, ii. 546, 547.



men in France' (a well-merited description), at a *séance* with Home. Mr. Aidé's prejudice, M. Karr's hard-headed scepticism, prove them witnesses not biassed in favour of hocus-pocus.

The two arrived first at the villa, and were shown into a very large, uncarpeted, and brilliantly lighted salon. The furniture was very heavy, the tables were 'mostly of marble, *and none of them had any cloths upon them.*' There were about twenty candles in sconces, all lit, and a moderator lamp in the centre of 'the ponderous round rosewood table at which we were to sit.' Mr. Aidé 'examined the room carefully,' and observed that wires could not possibly be attached to the heavy furniture ranged along the walls, and on the polished floor wires could not escape notice. The number present, including Home, was nine when all had arrived. All hands were on the table, but M. Alphonse Karr insisted on being allowed to break the circle, go under the table, or make any other sort of search whenever he pleased. 'This Home made no objection to.' Raps 'went *round* under the table, fluttering hither and thither in a way difficult to account for by the dislocation of the medium's toe' (or knee), 'the common explanation.' (I may remark that this kind of rapping is now so rare that I think Mr. Frederick Myers, with all his experience, never heard it.) Mr. Aidé was observant enough to notice that a lady had casually dropped her bracelet, though she vowed that it 'was snatched from her by a spirit.' 'It was certainly removed from her lap, and danced about under the table. . . .'

Then suddenly 'a heavy armchair, placed against the wall at the further end of the *salotto*, ran violently out into the middle of the room towards us.' Other chairs rushed about 'with still greater velocity.' The heavy table then tilted up, and the moderator lamp, with some pencils, slid to the lower edge of the table, but did not fall off. Mr. Aidé looked under the table: Home's legs were inactive. Home said that he thought the table would 'ascend,' and Alphonse Karr dived under it, and walked about on all fours, examining everybody's feet—the others were standing up. The table rose 'three or four feet,' at highest, and remained in air 'from two to three minutes.' It rose so high that 'all could see Karr, and see also that no one's legs moved.' M. Karr was not a little annoyed; but, as 'Sandow could not have lifted the table evenly,' even if allowed to put his hands beneath it, and as Home, at one side, had his hands above it, clearly Home did not lift it.

All alike beheld this phenomenon, and Mr. Aidé asks 'was

I hypnotised?' Were all hypnotised? People have tried to hypnotise Mr. Aidé, never with success, and certainly no form of hypnotism known to science was here concerned. No process of that sort had been gone through, and, except when Home said that he thought the table would ascend, there had been no 'verbal suggestion;' nobody was told what to look out for. In hypnotic experiment it is found that A. (if told to see anything not present) will succeed, B. will fail, C. will see something, and so on, though these subjects have been duly hypnotised, which Mr. Aidé and the rest had not. That an unhypnotised company (or a company wholly unaware that any hypnotic process has been performed on them) should all be subjected by any one to the same hallucination, by unuttered command, is a thing unknown to science, and most men of science would deny that even one single person could be hallucinated by a special suggestion not indicated by outward word, gesture, or otherwise. We read of such feats in tales of 'glamour,' like that of the Goblin Page in 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' but to psychological science, I repeat, they are absolutely unknown. The explanation is not what is technically styled a *vera causa*. Mr. Aidé's story is absolutely unexplained, and it is one of scores, attested in letters to Home from people of undoubted sense and good position. Mr. Myers examined and authenticated the letters by post marks, handwriting, and other tests.<sup>1</sup>

In one case the theory of hallucination induced by Home, so that people saw what did not occur, was asserted by Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Carpenter, who was a wondrously superior person, wrote: 'The most diverse accounts of a *séance* will be given by a believer and a sceptic. One will declare that a table rose in the air, while another (who had been watching its feet) is confident that it never left the ground.' Mr. Aidé's statement proves that this explanation does not fit *his* case. Dr. Carpenter went on to say what was not true: 'A whole party of believers will affirm that they saw Mr. Home float in at one window and out at another, whilst a single honest sceptic declares that Mr. Home was sitting in his chair all the time.'<sup>3</sup> This was false. Dr. Carpenter referred to the published statement of Lord Adare (Dunraven) and Lord Lindsay (the Earl of Crawford), that they saw Home float into a window of the room where they were sitting, out of the next room,

<sup>1</sup> *Journal S.P.R.*, July 1889, p. 101.

<sup>2</sup> *Contemporary Review*, January 1876.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* vol. xxvii. p. 286.

where Home was, and float back again, at Ashley Place, S.W., December 16, 1868. No 'honest sceptic' was present and denied the facts. The other person present, Captain Wynne, wrote to Home, in a letter printed (with excisions of some contemptuous phrases) by Madame Home, and read in the original MS. by Mr. Myers. He said: 'I wrote to the *Medium* to say I was present as a witness. I don't think that any one who knows me would for one moment say that I was a victim to hallucination or any humbug of that kind.' Dr. Carpenter, in 1871, writing in the 'Quarterly Review' (Vol. 131, pp. 336, 337), had criticised Lord Lindsay's account of what occurred on December 16, 1868. He took exception to a point in Lord Lindsay's grammar, he asked why Lord Lindsay did not cite the two other observers, and he said (what I doubt) that the observations were made by moonlight. So Lord Lindsay had said; but the curious may consult the almanack. Even in a fog, however, people in a room can see a man come in by the window, and go out again, 'head first, with the body rigid,' at a great height above the ground.

Mr. Podmore has suggested that Home thrust his head and shoulders out of the window, and that the three excited friends fancied the rest; but they first saw him in the air outside of the window of their room.<sup>1</sup> Nothing is explained, in this case, by Dr. Carpenter's explanation. Dr. Carpenter (1871) discredited the experiments made on Home by Sir William Crookes and attested by Sir William Huggins, because the latter was only 'an amateur in a branch of research which tasks the keenest powers of observation,' not of experiment; while, in the chemical experiments of Sir William Crookes, 'the ability he displayed was purely *technical*.' Neither gentleman could dream 'that there are *moral* sources of error.'<sup>2</sup>

Alas, Dr. Carpenter, when he boldly published (in 1876) the thing that was not, proved that a 'scientist' may be misled by 'moral sources of error'!

In 1890, in 'Proceedings of the S.P.R.,' Sir William Crookes published full contemporary accounts, noted by himself, of his experiments on Home in 1871, with elaborate mechanical tests as to alteration of weights; and recorded Home's feats in handling red-hot coals, and communicating the power of doing so to others, and to a fine cambric handkerchief on which a piece of red-hot

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Making of Religion*, p. 362, 1898.

<sup>2</sup> *Quarterly Review*, 1871, pp. 342, 343.

charcoal lay for some time. Beyond a hole of half an inch in diameter, to which Home drew attention, the cambric was unharmed. Sir William tested it: it had undergone no chemical preparation.

Into the details of the mechanical tests as to alterations of weights, I cannot go. Mr. Angelo Lewis (Professor Hoffman), an expert in conjuring, says that, accepting Sir William's veracity, and that he was not hallucinated, the phenomena 'seem to me distinctly to be outside the range of trick, and therefore to be good evidence, so far as we can trust personal evidence at all, of Home's power of producing motion, without contact, in inanimate bodies.' Sir William himself writes (1890): 'I have discovered no flaw in the experiments, or in the reasoning I based upon them.'<sup>1</sup> The notes of the performances were written while they were actually in course of proceeding. Thus 'the table rose completely off the ground several times, whilst the gentlemen present took a candle, and, kneeling down, deliberately examined the position of Mr. Home's knees and feet, and saw the three feet of the table quite off the ground.' Every observer in turn satisfied himself of the facts; they could not all be hallucinated.

I have not entered on the 'spiritual' part of the puzzle, the communications from 'spirits' of matters not *consciously* known to persons present, but found to be correct. That is too large a subject. Nor have I entered into the case of Mrs. Lyon's gift to Home, for the evidence only proved, as the judge held, and, I think, rightly held, that the gift was prompted, at least to some extent, by what Home declared to be spiritual rappings. That quite destroys his moral character, as far as this case went. But his mystery, as far as the best of the drawing-room miracles are concerned, is solved by no theory or combination of theories, neither by the hypothesis of conjuring, nor of collective hallucination, nor of a blend of both. The cases of Sir David Brewster and of Dr. Carpenter prove how far some 'scientists' will go, rather than appear in an attitude of agnosticism, of not having a sound explanation.

The varying stories about Mr. Browning are, apparently, instances of the evolution of myth, as exemplified in the popular game of 'Russian scandal.'

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings S.P.R.* vi. 98

### *THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO.*

ON the night of February 9, a few frail destroyers belonging to the Japanese fleet, the crews of which did not number more than sixty men apiece, approached under cover of darkness a powerful Russian squadron outside Port Arthur, and in the space of a few minutes, at no loss to themselves, reduced a 'fleet in being' to impotence, and gained for their country the command of the sea—truly the most astounding naval miracle which has ever yet been witnessed. All the world knows now how it was performed, by what agency such a staggering and far-reaching result was gained. The weapon which dealt the blow was the Whitehead torpedo, an engine of warfare known by name to many, but the possibilities of which had been hitherto realised only by a few.

Before dealing with the interesting and important considerations which the subject involves, it will perhaps be advisable, for the sake of the lay-reader whose acquaintance with the mysteries of torpedo warfare are necessarily limited, to give a brief description of the weapon itself. The Whitehead torpedo is forty years old, but its form to-day is as different from what it was in the first year of its existence as the latest type of express locomotive is from George Stephenson's old 'Rocket.' Its originator was Captain Lupuis, of the Austrian navy, and its developer was, and is, Mr. Whitehead, an Englishman who, in 1864, occupied the post of manager to an engineering firm at Fiume. The officer's suggestions, though supplying the germ which was destined eventually to develop into the perfect instrument, were too crude for practical use, and Mr. Whitehead accordingly abandoned the original design entirely, and after a lengthy period of experiment and secret construction produced the weapon which will for ever make his name famous in naval annals. Since that time improvement upon improvement has been devised, until to-day the Whitehead torpedo ranks as a potent weapon of precision, the capabilities of which eclipse entirely those of the gun and the ram.

The latest pattern of torpedo may be briefly described as a cigar-shaped object made of steel, 16 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and 17.72 inches in diameter at its thickest part. It is divided into five

compartments—namely, the explosive head, air chamber, balance chamber, engine compartment, and buoyancy chamber. In the rear of all are the propellers and rudders. The head of the torpedo in the latest patterns is bluff, like that of any fish which is remarkable for its speed and power of turning; and, so as to render the reflection from Nature complete, the shape tapers away to the tail. The explosive head contains, in the case of the larger patterns, nearly two hundred pounds of gun-cotton—that of the 14-inch carrying less than one hundred pounds—which is detonated by a ‘pistol head’ being driven by the force of impact into a ‘primer charge’ of fulminate of mercury. The air chamber, as its name implies, gives the necessary buoyancy to the torpedo; but it fulfils another most important duty by supplying the motive power for the engine—namely, air compressed to a pressure of 1,350 pounds to the square inch. The balance chamber contains the beautifully ingenious and intricate apparatus which maintains the torpedo at its proper depth in the water and the various controlling valves through which the air passes on its way to the engines. The engine compartment contains the engines and the servo-motor. The engines are single acting three-cylinder ones, made by Messrs. Brotherhood, the indicated horse-power of which in the latest pattern is as much as fifty-six, the servo-motor being an instrument devised for the purpose of increasing the pull on the rudder in the same way as a steering engine magnifies the power of the helmsman.

In the rearmost compartment of all, or what is known as ‘the tail,’ are the gearing for turning the two propellers in opposite directions, the upper and lower perpendicular fins and the frame holding two horizontal rudders, the gyroscope vertical rudders (to be afterwards described) and the propellers. The most usual methods of firing a Whitehead torpedo are by means of a ‘submerged tube’ in a large ship, or revolving tubes on the deck of a destroyer or torpedo boat. A torpedo tube may be simply described as a large metal tube open at the outer end and closed by a hinged door at the inner. The torpedo, after being placed inside, is blown out either by compressed air suddenly injected into the rear end, or by an impulse charge of a few ounces of powder. The moment it reaches the water its mechanism is set in motion, driving it along in the direction aimed at with a speed of about twenty-five knots, at the same time maintaining a uniform depth of about ten feet. In peace time the torpedo can be adjusted so as to stop running after a prescribed distance; in war time, in the event of its

missing its mark, it can be so adjusted as to sink after completing its run. But if it reaches its quarry, then, indeed, it gives up its puny life for the life of a ship. To quote my own words, in a volume which I have written on the subject, the arts of ship-builders and steel-workers stand for nothing when a Whitehead torpedo succeeds in striking a ship's bottom, and tears and rends it with the explosion of two hundred pounds of gun-cotton. In the hands of ignorant or careless people the Whitehead is nearly as dangerous to its friends as its foes; but in the hands of skilful and resolute men it is the most terrible engine of warfare which the world has ever seen.

Mr. Whitehead's invention may be described without fear of exaggeration as the most truly ingenious and complicated piece of mechanism which the mind of man has hitherto produced. Ever since the day that marked its first appearance as an accepted weapon of naval warfare it has been treated as an instrument which called for the highest professional attainments on the part of those officers and men whose duty it was to use it. In its earlier days, indeed, when muzzle-loading guns, masts, and sails, and hand-power held a prominent place in the internal economy of a man-of-war, it was looked upon by the ship's company generally as something which could only be 'understood by the few.' Outside the engine-room department the science of mechanics was treated with scant thought or consideration, and the mysteries of the Whitehead were only probed by the torpedo lieutenant and his handful of men. The 'secret' of the balance chamber was kept from the common herd, and when at length it was divulged to the budding sub-lieutenant, all the hocus-pocus of closed doors and a signed pledge of secrecy was gone through before this ingenious but simply conceived portion of the apparatus was revealed. At this period of its career it must be confessed that the actual performances of the torpedo were hardly calculated to impress practical seamen with a proper sense of its efficiency or usefulness. The old process of ejection from the tube by means of a sort of a 'telescopic rod,' which, under the influence of compressed air, shot out and pushed the torpedo out-board, resulted in constant jamming and miss-fires. Then the torpedo itself was most uncertain in its action, and its path through the water was more often a bold curve than a straight line. But, as years went on, one pattern of Whitehead torpedo was succeeded by another, until at length it earned for itself a fuller measure of respect in the service. The general



interest in it also became more intelligent and widespread. The gradual abolition of masts and sails, the introduction of electricity and hydraulics, the mechanical arrangements introduced into the mountings of breech-loading guns, and the general substitution of various forms of motive power in place of manual labour, created a new school of thought in the navy, which brought the humblest seaman into touch with the working and control of the torpedo. The *Vernon* and *Defiance*, the torpedo school ships, became more popular than ever; the two new classes of vessel—namely, the torpedo boat and the torpedo boat destroyer, which followed the advent of the torpedo, were hailed by the younger officers of the service as affording magnificent opportunities for the display of dash and enterprise in peace time as well as in war. Indeed, in this latter respect alone, the torpedo was the means of instilling more energy and professional interest and ability into the junior ranks of the executive branch of the navy than anything which had gone before. It was recognised that the new classes of vessel gave the youngest sub-lieutenant in the service an opportunity of surrounding himself in war time with as great a halo of glory as a victorious admiral of a fleet—that to him might fall the greatest prize of a naval engagement.

But although the torpedo was welcomed on account of the new methods of using it, its usefulness as a practical and reliable engine of warfare still continued to be treated with only a moderate amount of consideration by the strategists and serious thinkers. The ambitious programme of torpedo boat building, which occupied a prominent place in the navy estimates of the 'eighties,' gradually slackened, and for a time ceased altogether. The Admiralty, instead, devoted their attention to the building of torpedo 'catchers,' and when that class of vessel proved to be a hopeless failure, then torpedo boat destroyers were commenced to be built. It was recognised that France set great store upon the possibilities of her torpedo flotilla and the Whitehead itself. But in the British Navy its value was discounted; it was too complicated, too dependent for its successful action upon the faultless working of its delicate integral parts. In spite of the constant care and attention lavished upon it, the 'history sheet' of every torpedo showed that each had its own idiosyncrasies, which had to be continually watched and corrected if it was to be trusted to fulfil its mission properly at the supreme moment. In short, the torpedo failed in one most important respect—it could not be absolutely relied upon as a weapon

of precision. Its performances during the Chilian War of 1891 and the Chino-Japanese War of 1896 gained a certain addition to the ranks of its supporters ; but, nevertheless, it continued to be treated as merely a useful adjunct to the armament of a properly equipped man-of-war. Even in the latter respect its importance was curtailed, as, chiefly owing to the lessons learnt during the Chino-Japanese and Spanish-American wars, it was very properly decided that above-water tubes on board any vessel larger than a torpedo boat destroyer constituted a terribly serious danger to their users, owing to the exposure of the charged torpedoes to the shell fire of the enemy. It does not require a very remarkable stretch of imagination to realise what the effect would be on board a ship if, say, the head of a torpedo containing two hundred pounds of gun-cotton, ready fitted with a primer of fulminate of mercury, was struck by a shell. The only possible result would be a most appalling explosion, that would send the ship herself to the bottom and blow to atoms a considerable portion of her crew ; for, be it remembered, the detonation of such a charge on or between decks would be infinitely more destructive of human life than a blow beneath the surface of the water. So the result of all this was that above-water tubes in large ships will never be used again, the captains of those vessels in which they are still retained making no secret of their determination to make no use of them in action, relying, instead, upon the submerged tubes, which are safely protected from any risk of injury from gun fire.

It must not be presumed that during this latter period the Whitehead torpedo itself was standing still ; on the contrary, numerous improvements were being made in its anatomy. Its range and speed were increased, its various adjustments made more perfect and reliable in their working, and improvements were effected in its steering. A great deal of attention was directed, also, to the design of the submerged tube, and then, as now, the British Navy was believed to possess the most efficient pattern. It may be here remarked that the most difficult problem of all to solve in the construction of this form of tube is the best method of releasing the torpedo from it, with as small an amount of deflection as possible, while the ship is going through the water. The torpedo, it will be understood, has to be held until the tail is clear of the side before release, and consequently it has to be supported by a guiding bar in the direction aimed at, until the propellers are 'all clear.' When trained on the broadside, the strain on the bar

while the ship is rushing through the water, and the head and body of the torpedo itself as it emerges from the side, is immense, and the difficulty of eliminating any deflection is proportionately difficult. Yet the problem was solved to a very satisfactory extent. All that was required was a torpedo which could be trusted to pursue a straight course after it was fired, and 'recover' itself if by chance it suffered a slight deflection at the moment of discharge.

But in spite of the many improvements effected in the torpedo itself, its mountings and ancillary machinery, it failed to satisfy its critics. Then at last came a great change. A few years ago Mr. Obry, of Trieste, and formerly of the Austrian Navy, invented a little instrument for counteracting the many disturbing influences which tend to deflect a torpedo from a straight course. His invention may be briefly described as follows: In the air chamber is fixed a small weighted wheel or gyroscope of about one and three-quarter pounds, the total weight of the whole apparatus being about twelve pounds. The gyroscope itself is carefully suspended on gimbals, in the centre lower portion of the chamber, in a vertical position, and transverse to the axis of the torpedo. Attached to its own axis is a powerful steel spring connected with a toothed gearing, actuated by a rod attached to the air lever. The effect of the air lever being thrown back at the moment of discharge is suddenly to release the spring which has previously been compressed by hand, with the result that the gyroscope is spun round at an enormous velocity. The gyroscope, through the servo-motor (already described), works a pair of vertical rudders, and if the torpedo from any cause is deflected out of the original line of fire, the instrument, by maintaining its inherent tendency to retain its original position and direction, acts on the servo-motor, and, by means of the vertical rudders, steers the torpedo back to its original position—just the same, in fact, as if a little mannikin stood inside the torpedo and steered it on a straight course. Mr. Obry sold his invention to Messrs. Whitehead, who improved it considerably, and all the torpedoes being manufactured to-day are fitted with it. The latest type in use now in our own navy is known as 18-inch R.G.F. Mark IV.; its speed up to 1,000 yards is about thirty knots, and the actual weight of its explosive charge of gun-cotton is 171 pounds; constituting altogether a most perfect and trustworthy weapon.

The introduction of the gyroscope marked what I can best describe as 'The Renaissance of the Whitehead Torpedo.' Its severest critics were disarmed; it was generally recognised that, at

length, it must be reckoned as a most serious factor in naval warfare. Indeed, gradually, but surely, the whole basis of naval strategy, more especially in its bearing on blockade, has been altered to suit the new condition of affairs, for the torpedo, be it remembered, is not only used by torpedo boats and destroyers, but by battleships and cruisers as well; and, perhaps, most important of all, by submarines.

The extraordinary success which attended the attack of the Japanese destroyers at Port Arthur has afforded the world an object lesson regarding the capabilities of the torpedo when used from destroyers or torpedo boats against a fleet at anchor. It is true that the magnitude of the results obtained on that occasion were largely due to an extraordinary lack of precaution on the part of the Russians; and had each ship been protected by a crinoline of properly constructed nets while she lay at anchor that night, the results would not have been quite what they were. The latest form of net, adopted in our own navy, is so dense and heavy, that no torpedo fitted with a net cutter can pierce it. Each navy, by the way, has its own form of net cutter, and it is understood that our own is the most efficient; but the Japanese are credited with a very good one, and it is quite probable that their torpedoes may have actually pierced the nets of the *Retvisan* and *Tsarevitch*. But torpedo craft are not by any means intended merely for attacks on ships at anchor or in harbour. Their usefulness extends to attacks on a fleet or single vessels under way, which, except under the rarest conditions, would have no extended nets encumbering their movements. In broad daylight, direct attack by torpedo vessels on large ships at sea is a most desperate undertaking, as, owing to the rapidity and accuracy of quick-firing and machine guns, it would be generally impossible to get within range, under present conditions, before being sunk or disabled by the enemy's fire. At night, and for preference when there is no moon and the weather is thick, is the proper time for torpedo attack. Dash and enterprise, combined with good luck and a proper perception of the psychological moment, may effect wonders on such occasions. If the attack is delivered from different directions simultaneously, one, at least, of the boats is likely to get her bolt home, and one torpedo, and one only, let us not forget, is sufficient to send the finest battleship ever built to the bottom. Search-lights on these occasions are often a hindrance to the ships using them, for while affording a brilliant indication of their whereabouts to the enemy,

they serve to blind the gunners to all objects save those in the direct rays of the lights. A torpedo attack at night also calls for the most perfect 'fire discipline' on the part of the guns' crews of the ships assailed; and on many occasions during our own and foreign manœuvres, ships in a fleet have fired on one another in the confusion existing at the time. In this connection it is interesting to remember that in the Japanese accounts of the night attack on Port Arthur, the Russian ships continued firing wildly long after the destroyers had started off to rejoin their own fleet, and it would not be surprising, in the circumstances, if on this occasion not all the injuries inflicted on the Russians were delivered by the Japanese. In carrying out torpedo operations in a channel frequented by friend and foe alike, the commanders of torpedo vessels experience the greatest difficulty in distinguishing the identity of a vessel approaching at night. In war time it is, for obvious reasons, the practice to cruise about with every light carefully obscured, and, if with a fleet, the only indication which an officer of the watch has of the position of the ship ahead of him is from the small reflection which she throws on the surface of the water from a specially constructed lamp suspended over her wake. All distinguishing lights are generally abolished, as their use only serves to reveal the presence of the ship herself to the enemy's torpedo boats; consequently, when the commander of one of the latter vessels sees the black hull of a vessel looming out of the darkness, his embarrassment may be easily imagined; unless, indeed, he knows for certain that only the enemy's ships are cruising in those waters. It is inevitable, in fact, that mistakes of this character are likely to occur in every naval campaign where torpedo vessels are used by the belligerents.

Although the improvements effected in the Whitehead have added considerably to the practical possibilities of torpedo boat warfare, the change is destined to be also greatly felt in its use from large ships. The strategical considerations thereby involved are too complicated and technical to be properly included within the scope of this article; but there are certain points of interest arising out of the new order of things which cannot fail to be understood and appreciated by the general reader. Without entering into details, it may be said without exaggeration that one of the most conspicuous and important features in last year's naval manœuvres in the Atlantic was the result obtained by Whiteheads fired from submerged tubes during fleet actions. Hitherto, one of

the most prominent factors in the working out of modern fleet tactics has been the increased range, accuracy, and rapidity of fire of the new patterns of guns. Until comparatively recent times the torpedo only occupied a subsidiary position in the calculations of naval strategists. Now, owing to its precision and increased range, naval tactics have to be thought out from a fresh point of view. A large fleet affords, we must recollect, a very lengthened target for the officer who stands by the torpedo director. If he misses the ship actually fired at, as likely as not he will hit one of the others, especially if the enemy is in close formation, and one blow from a Whitehead is often worth more than an hour's pounding by the heavy guns of a battleship; as, for instance, in the China-Japanese war, when the Chinese battleship *Ting Yuen* was sunk by the former agency in Wei-hai-Wei harbour, after she had passed through a five hours' fleet action off the Yalu comparatively unscathed. Consequently an admiral, when bringing his fleet into action, will keep his ships out of range of the enemy's torpedoes, as the latter on their part will keep out of the range of his. It can therefore be easily understood how seriously the ordinary course of naval strategy is affected by the advent of the improved pattern of torpedo.

But the greatest menace of all which the Whitehead offers to the fleets of the future is in its application to submarine warfare. Last year I pointed out at length, in this magazine, the extraordinary advances which were being made in the construction of submarine vessels, and the actual performances of that class of vessel in its present stage of development. The French Admiralty, indeed, set as great store upon the capabilities of their formidable flotilla of submarines, now numbering nearly sixty vessels built and building, as they did upon their large supply of torpedo boats ten years ago. Now, at length, our own naval authorities have commenced to realise the enormous possibilities of submarine warfare, and the recent manœuvres in the English Channel executed in the presence of the King and the Prince of Wales cannot fail to impress even the most conservative amongst us. Argue as one may, it is absolutely impossible, at present, to point to any method for preventing attacks by submarines outside a harbour; and even inside it there are no means at hand whereby perfectly trustworthy provision can be made against their insidious approach. If, at the present moment, Russia possessed, say, half a dozen efficient submarines in Port Arthur, Admiral Togo's plan of campaign

would have to be very different from what it is at present, unless he was prepared to run the risk of just as great a disaster overtaking him as befell the Russians on the night of February 9. So long as he remains outside the range of the fortress guns of Port Arthur, and the enemy's torpedo flotilla continues to exhibit its present lack of successful enterprise, his blockade of that port may be effectual; but if the offing was haunted with a submarine flotilla, Europe might awake any morning to find that the balance of sea power in the Far East had undergone a radical change. Not only that, but the periodical bombardment of Port Arthur in daylight would entail such tremendous risks on the attacking force that the enterprise would probably not be attempted.

It is dangerous to prophesy, but, nevertheless, there are few naval officers nowadays who do not realise that we are fated to witness not only most remarkable discoveries and improvements in submarine shipbuilding, but, what is just as significant, in torpedo construction as well. There is no finality in invention, and assuredly there is no finality in the size, speed, accuracy, and efficiency of the Whitehead torpedo. Even now a certain number of these weapons are being constructed with a reputed range of three thousand yards. Given a more perfect motive power, and a larger capacity for the storage of it, there is a marvellous future for the automobile torpedo. Its present range is one thousand yards; its experimental range is three thousand yards; who shall say that its ultimate range may not be as much as ten thousand yards? There is no need to increase its destructive powers. Two hundred pounds of detonated gun-cotton will seal the fate of the most perfect ship ever yet built. Once give the torpedo as great a range as the gun, and as straight a path as the projectile, and the whole basis of naval strategy, as it exists at present, will be utterly revolutionised.

Let us therefore wait and watch.

GEORGE E. ARMSTRONG,



## MEMORIES OF 'THE TIMES'

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND

WE have hoped in vain for a life of Delane, and we fear we must resign ourselves to disappointment. Yet if the secret history of his eventful editorial career could be told, few political biographies would be more interesting. It could certainly not be swelled by his correspondence. Few men wrote more notes; no man made them shorter or more to the point. Dashed off, *currente calamo*, with a broad-pointed quill, in half a dozen lines or less you had the root of the matter. The sole exception I have seen or heard of was when he was unusually excited over the formation of Disraeli's Ministry in 1874. Then he virtually threw off the leader in a succession of blue paper slips. That brevity was characteristic of the busy man: he had neither time nor inclination to go into details, nor did he care to supply thought and reasoning to his contributors. If they did not answer to a touch of the reins, the sooner they were out of the team the better. I may say I had some short experience of his methods, for he very kindly tried to hitch me up in harness, and failed. Naturally I was flattered in my ambitions, but regular leader-work was never in my line. I had sorrowfully to explain that my genius would not answer to the sudden crack of the whip; and he remarked, rather regretfully, that the blame was mine if I broke down on the literary threshold, for he had hoped to make me an assured position. There was a temporary coolness, but it was very brief, and I never found a better friend or stauncher backer. During that spell of probation I was living in the country some distance from a station. Twice or thrice in the week, about 11 A.M., the messenger delivered a packet sent by rail, with the paper of the morning weighting an editorial scratch. That scratch gave you all the lead you wanted; the only trouble was to write up to it, on peremptory summons, for the latest available despatch. Often it was labour and sorrow; but that is a personal matter, and it is strange how sometimes toilsome effort will bear the next morning's inspection. You pass from depression to complacency; sometimes, to parody Clive in the Treasury of Moorsshedabad, you sit surprised by your

own brilliancy. There may be more truth than the despondent are ready to admit in Johnson's dictum that a man can always write when he sets himself doggedly to it.

I see now that at that time Delane was testing me. Strong specialities are a great gift of the leader-writer, and he sought to discover whether I had any depth of resources or inclination to any especial line. One morning he would ring up the call bell as to the choice of a bishop ; on another the subject to be discussed might be the cricket season or steeple-chasing. As to the latter, by the way, I made an unfortunate slip, by a sarcastic and unjustifiable allusion to the training and social habits of gentlemen riders. Delane printed sundry angry or indignant letters, but never said a word to me. Of course, he made allowances for ignorance and inexperience, and would never have published the articles if they had not pleased him in the main. But on one occasion I nearly came to terrible grief ; then it was only sheer accident that got me out of the scrape. On a Saturday he sent me a copy of the newly published Greville Memoirs, telling me to pick out a subject for a Monday's leader. He assumed I had seen the volumes, which I had not, and I was sorely puzzled. However, I went at them tooth and nail, and suffice it to say I pretty nearly achieved the climax of indiscretion. On Sunday night the editor was in *villegiatura* at Ascot, and a young and inexperienced substitute chanced to be in charge. Most fortunately important news arrived from abroad, and my unlucky leader was shelved. When I next saw the editor he held up his hands in horror, but only exclaimed with admirable good-nature, 'Poor So-and-so must certainly have hanged himself if that article of yours had gone in.'

His intuitive perception, his sagacious prescience of the tendency of events, were only paralleled by his prompt decision. A message coming in at the last moment, pregnant with issues in foreign politics or home affairs, never found him unprepared, though the leader, inspired impromptu, committed him inevitably to his course. I remember on one such momentous occasion expressing my wonder and admiration to his brother-in-law Mowbray Morris, for, though taken utterly by surprise, a very few days had justified his action ; and Morris said, 'It is those flashes of sure intuition that save him ; if he were in the habit of hesitating, he would always be blundering.' Yet Jupiter sometimes nods, and sometimes when he waited and took thought his sagacity failed him. One notable instance was when he opposed

the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Prussia, though even then he was not altogether mistaken; for the consequences he predicted were in some measure realised in the strained relations of her Imperial Highness with the autocratic Chancellor of Germany.

Like Wellington and all illustrious commanders, he had a contempt for feebleness of moral fibre. The editorship was offered him at the age of twenty-four, and I remember one day, when we were having a quiet talk, asking if it did not shake his courage. 'Not a bit of it,' he answered. 'What I dislike about you young fellows is that you all shrink from responsibility.' Nor was there any boastful self-assertion in that, for I have heard the story from his lifelong friend, John Blackwood. The youths were then living together in St. James's Square. One afternoon Delane burst in upon Blackwood, exclaiming, 'By G—, John, what do you think has happened? I am editor of the "Times."' Immediately he buckled to the arduous task, and from the first Printing House Square recognised a master.

It is not easy for outsiders to estimate the responsibilities he shouldered so lightly. Were I to indulge in claptrap, I should say he was to wield the bolts of the Thunderer; but, as matter of fact, he inherited the traditions of an immense though occult strength. The 'Times' had unseated domineering Ministers, had shaken strong Cabinets, had made Continental Ministers tremble. Under the *régime* of the Citizen King of France, his Foreign Minister had interfered with the transmission of 'Times' despatches. Regardless of expense, the 'Times' accepted the challenge, and the French Cabinet had the worse in the war. The second Mr. Walter addressed himself to the jealousies of Austria, and a special service of packets was organised, steaming up the Adriatic and superseding necessity for the services of the Messageries. The Frenchmen knuckled down, and the 'Times' accepted their conditions of peace. Much had been happening to increase the power of the press. There had been a reduction of the stamp duty and the advertisement tax, the franchise had been lowered, and the circulation of the papers, increasing by leaps and bounds, had awakened the intelligent interest of the masses. Consequently the conductors of the leading journal had become personages to be reckoned with. Greville tells, in his journals, of Lord Durham dropping in upon Barnes to complain of articles which had stung King Leopold and embarrassed the Ministry. *A propos* of

communications between the 'Times' and the Duke of Wellington, with regard to the revelation of certain Cabinet secrets, Lord Lyndhurst had exclaimed, in an outburst of annoyance, 'Why, Barnes is the most powerful man in the country!' In the same year, Peel, the most reserved and austere of statesmen, wrote to thank the editor for 'his powerful support.' 'If I do not offer the expressions of personal gratitude, it is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to the character of a support which was given exclusively on the highest and most independent grounds of public principle.' And Peel most scrupulously weighed his words, and was never effusive in expressions of gratitude.

Such was the responsibility the youth of twenty-four manfully took over from the veteran versed in intrigues, callous to flattery, and hardened to war. The 'Times' editor has abundance of efficient assistance in what may be termed the monotonous driving of the intellectual machinery. His real capacity is tested when he goes into society, as he is bound to do. He must be a ready man of the world, with tact, firmness, and sagacity. It is safe to say that he seldom meets anyone of mark who does not desire to get something out of him. He is being interviewed rather than interviewing. He must keep his ears open and his mouth shut—or rather, he should be ready of speech, with a talent for never committing himself. Above all, he must remember that reasoned refusals, conveyed by words or in his columns, command the respect essential to his position. Interested civilities must be fended off by smooth courtesy, as the *suaviter in modo* must temper the *fortiter in re*. The statesmen who showered invitations on the youthful editor found him a modest and genial guest, but a hard nut to crack. They flattered him with free talk and the semblance of confidences, they gave him of the best of their cellars and cuisine; but they came to know that next morning they might be mercilessly attacked and ruthlessly caught tripping. Delane blended the born journalist with the man of the world; the shrewdest of pilots, in calms or extremity, he threaded reefs and shoals with instinctive skill.

Perhaps it is the greatest triumph of ambition—certainly nothing can be more intoxicating to human vanity—when a man of rare genius or some special talent has raised himself from a relatively modest position to be flattered by the great and courted by the courted. Delane bore his honours quietly, though indeed, with his recognised autocracy, he had little inducement to assert himself. He dressed carefully, though he never sacrificed to the

Graces. But the Duke of Devonshire of that day, or the *flamboyant* Count d'Orsay in all his glory, had scarcely drawn more attention in Rotten Row than the unobtrusive rider on the neat black cob. Only it was not with the butterflies of fashion that he exchanged greetings, but with the men and women of light and leading. It was a rare privilege to have his arm up St. James's Street and Piccadilly in the season, when the stream of members was setting of a summer afternoon towards the Houses, and to listen to his amusing commentary of anecdote and political reminiscence, interspersed with graphic sketches of character and careers, suggested by passing personalities. As no one had greater regard for a formidable and intimate political opponent, so no one had less respect for the dilettante aristocrat who had climbed to high place through influential connections. Once, coming back from the Continent, I reported to him some conversations with our Minister at one of the great capitals. I was rather full of them, for the big man's fluency, condescension, and champagne had made a highly favourable impression. Delane listened, and then abruptly changed the subject. 'Oh, that old woman. . . . Yes, she is always making love to us, and can be civil when she likes.'

In town, he ground industriously and unremittingly at the mill, but he believed in good holidays for himself and other people. His leader-writers were off work on Friday and Saturday, and they had the key of the fields for two months in the year. I fancy no other newspaper staff had the same indulgence, so a place with the 'Times' was doubly enviable. He had no difficulty in assenting to the prescriptions of his close friend and body physician, Sir Richard Quain—bracing air and change of scene. When at work, he anticipated the present-day fashion, and retreated for the week's end to Ascot. Above all things, he delighted in Continental travel; and my old acquaintance, General Eber, ex-insurgent, member of the Hungarian Diet, and 'Times' correspondent at Vienna, used to say that in all his experience he never met any one with so versatile an interest in things small and great. Necessarily a late sleeper when in London, abroad Delane would rouse up at abnormal hours, and was never happier than when strolling about the market stalls in some quaint old German city. As I know myself, he had a great partiality for Mayence, where he put up at the 'Angleterre,' a capital house, looking out on the Rhine, but with a noisy thoroughfare in front and a darksome lane behind. The landlord was his sworn friend, and boasted a vintage of Feurberger, to which

Delane directed my special attention. As he grew older, he was less inclined to rove, and when he found himself in congenial quarters he said, with MacMahon in the Mamelon, 'J'y suis, j'y reste.' He told me once he was off to Scotland for a round of visits. When he came back, I asked how he had passed his time, and he had to own that he went straight to Dunrobin, where he was so comfortable that he never stirred. In Dunrobin he delighted; but on another occasion his sojourn there was brought to an abrupt termination. As I said, he gave his trusted leader-writers a free hand, but sometimes when they held pronounced views on a burning political question, conscience and conviction would make them jib and try a wild kick over the traces. When the 'Times' reached Sutherlandshire one fine morning, the editor was shocked and startled. It was on the eve of the war between Russia and Turkey; the writer strongly sympathised with the Russians, and had gone far towards committing the paper. The lotus-eater roused himself, and hurried to town to put things straight before the error was irretrievable. But he valued a good contributor when he had discovered one, and the delinquent, with a light remonstrance, was turned on to less burning subjects.

I had a rather disagreeable holiday experience with him myself, for when his editorial convenience was concerned he was dictatorial and absolutely autocratic. Being engaged in the literary department, I used to go to him at the end of the session, when, as he would say, the books had a chance. One year I told him as usual when I would like to have my autumnal outing. He said he was short of leader-writers for the time, that he might want occasional assistance in that way, but that the day I named would 'suit him down to the ground.' Accordingly I laid plans involving those of others, with various serious considerations, and they would have been difficult to alter. I sent a note intimating my departure; it was unanswered, but Delane had left that evening for Scotland, and I fancied I was free. The acting editor sent me off with a God-speed. On my return I called as usual in Serjeants' Inn, looking forward to a pleasant chat, with much cross-questioning. The courteous and confidential servant who guarded the door went in as usual to announce me, but came back with a look I understood—we were excellent friends—and said, 'Mr. Delane regrets that he is engaged.' A nod is as good as a wink on some occasions, and I understood all about it. For three months in the busy season of the books

I heard nothing from Printing House Square. At the end of the months our relations were resumed as if nothing had happened, but it was a broad hint which was not to be disregarded.

Those days, when the rush of autumn books had set in, were golden for the reviewer—and the publisher. Macdonald had not yet patented and introduced the 'Walter' machines, which left each column of the paper open till the eleventh hour. The outer sheet was leisurely printed in the course of the day. One season the work was carried on in a South Kensington Exhibition, and some relations were amused to see an article of mine, with its unmistakable cacography, in process of translation. Then the reviewer had *carte blanche* and ample elbow-room. To quote Major Dalgetty, simple as I write now, I saw two full columns devoted to my maiden novel: George Smith, who published it, remarked that if such a review had appeared ten years before, he would have immediately ordered another edition (*i.e.* a thousand). But he did not. The great parcels of books then consigned to the reviewer were golden veins. I remember the luxurious length at which one expatiated on 'Dukes of Burgundy,' or the Duc d'Aumale's 'Princes of Condé.' George Eliot's suggestive *Life*, though of moderate bulk, ran to two or three articles. There were three elaborate articles on Lord Campbell's volume on Brougham and Lyndhurst. But with important political memoirs the editor took special trouble. On one such occasion the writer dined in Serjeants' Inn to meet Alfred Montgomery and George Venables, and sat modestly listening with open ears, while with story and reminiscence they threshed out the subject in all possible aspects. Delane was likewise much of a listener, but displayed his inimitable adroitness in drawing. In lighter works by some statesman or man of eminence, such as 'Lothair,' he showed the same keenness of interest. And on anything of veritable magnitude or importance how meticulous he used to be! Soon after my acceptance as an outsider on the staff, he sent me Gladstone's 'Chapter of Autobiography.' Naturally I bestowed no little pains on the two columns, and after the article had been despatched, a thought having struck me, I sent a correction. The article duly appeared next morning, but the answer I got was Delane's revised proof, and the number of the trifling alterations was innumerable. For himself, he wrote seldom, and added or interpolated little, but he had a marvellous turn for the final polish or the finishing touch. On an anniversary of Sedan—I had been



in Rhineland on the occasion—he wrote to say he had a grand subject for me. I wrote something which chanced to please him, but I knew that all the effect was in the climax—in the single sentence he had added by way of epilogue. He was wonderfully appreciative of quick response to a sudden call. Sometimes a fashion or a craze of the day gave exceptional consequence to a flowing piece of ephemeral scribbling. One morning, when he knew I was coming to town, I found at the Athenæum a copy of the 'Shah's Diary,' with a request for a long article. It was easy work when the book was skimmed, with copious extracts. I threw off four columns. To my disappointment, the review demanded in hot haste did not appear next day, and I deemed it had been a case of more haste, worse speed! It had only been held over owing to unexpected pressure; yet there were two spare columns in place of four, and Delane, knowing there had been a prompt answer to the spur, filled them with a second article on Felix Whitehurst's book on Imperial Paris. As it chanced, in good-natured haste, Jupiter had again been caught nodding; the first article on the volumes had been overlooked.

The 'Times' editor needs nerve and placidity above everything. He should have the faculty of blissful oblivion—of never being sorry to-day for anything done yesterday. There was a memorable occasion when the Emperor Napoleon lay dying. Delane sent four printed columns of the biography, written several years before, to be leisurely completed at length, for there seemed to be no immediate danger. The contributor acted strictly on his inspiration, and took his time in looking up the memorable events of a pregnant dozen of years. One day he had gone out shooting, and came home rather fagged, to find the editor's *fidus Achates* in waiting. There had been a sudden end, and the memoir was due next morning. There is nothing like an emergency for bringing the journalist up to time, and the sense of the waggon on your heels is a wonderful stimulant to the faculties. Fortunately, that contributor had facts at his finger-ends. At 8.30 P.M. he was seated in Printing House Square, scribbling viciously, with perpetual interruptions from boys bringing up strips of 'copy' to be promptly revised. At 10.30 Delane strolled in, in evening dress—he had been dining with the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House. His only remark was, 'Ah, you had done nothing to those four columns—I hoped never to see them again,' and he walked out. Anxious he might have been, but he knew too well to flurry

an excited man. The article was run off, *tant bien que mal*: the weary writer stretched his legs in a walk to a bed at the Tavistock—a line inviting him to supper and bed in Serjeants' Inn had miscarried—and an immense relief it was next morning to see at the breakfast table the consummation of his labours served up with the eggs and the muffins. Another obituary memoir in which Delane took intense personal interest, and for which he supplied much interesting information, was that of Lord Beaconsfield. Though their political opinions clashed, they had a high regard for each other, and I had a letter in my possession in which his Lordship spoke warmly of their cordial relations, when thanking him for a favourable review of 'Lothair.' Nothing pleased him more than the dashing off a rapid review of all the works of some popular writer, whose death had been somewhat unexpected. Lever and Lord Lytton were instances. The day after Lord Lytton's demise there was a dinner of the Geographical Society, and Delane was sitting next to Lord Houghton. Houghton expressed surprise at the intimacy with details shown in an article of the morning, and Delane looked much gratified, the fact being that the writer had read and re-read till he knew the favourite novels nearly by heart. Sometimes these articles written against time had the writer's revision in proof, though more often they had not. The editor, with his broad views, could give microscopic attention to details, which was no speciality of mine. Naturally, carelessness and slips annoyed him, and I remember his writing on one review, 'You will never make your fortune as printers' reader,' a prediction which, as Boswell said of Johnson's prognostication as to the consequences of Mrs. Boswell's death, has been too sadly verified.

Worn out by arduous and incessant work, with advancing years his health gradually broke down. Sir Richard Quain, always keenly interested in literary and journalistic matters, and eager to help any literary man, did all that could be done to prolong a valuable life. But retirement became inevitable, though doubtless retirement, with the loss of stimulus it brought, accelerated collapse. For at least a year or two, his regular attendance at the office had been merely perfunctory; the work had really been conducted by Mr. Stebbing, who steered so admirably that no one, not in the secret, surmised that the pilot had been virtually superseded. Delane still dropped in frequently of an afternoon at the Athenæum; he used always to say that he did not know what a man wanted with more than a single club, when he had the *entrée* to

such a society. Then came the eclipse, and the disappearance from the circles he had charmed and adorned.

There was much wild speculation as to his successor. More than one member of the 'Times' staff was named in the running, and gossip asserted with great confidence that the mantle of Elijah was to light on the shoulders of an eminent Government official. So far as I know, no one named the winner till the decision was announced, and it came as a surprise. One evening, when dining with Mr. Stebbing, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Chenery, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, and one of Delane's most valued leader-writers. That evening began a friendship, prematurely ended to my bitter regret. We walked together from Russell Square to Oxford Circus, and stood talking for some time under the lamps before we shook hands. As Chenery told me afterwards, that evening he 'had his commission in his pocket.' In many respects he was admirably equipped. A fluent linguist, he was thoroughly versed in Continental politics, and had discussed them in innumerable articles. He had a wide literary and scientific connection, he laid himself out to secure the assistance of specialists, and, as he remarked complacently a couple of years later, he might pride himself on the number of his distinguished contributors. The marked increase of advertisements, as he said, was a proof that the paper was flourishing. But he had taken to the leadership too late in life, and the burden of daily worry weighed upon him. The most agreeable of companions in a quiet way, he had not Delane's social versatility. The editor of the 'Times' is bound to entertain, and no man was more naturally hospitable. He delighted in dinner-giving, and at his house in Norfolk Crescent, and afterwards in Serjeants' Inn, you were always sure to find yourself in elevating company, though, like Delane, the host listened rather than led the talk. There were statesmen, politicians, travellers, and men of letters; there were cultured soldiers who have since made themselves famous, and officials of the Foreign and Colonial offices, who have become ambassadors, Ministers, and satraps of provinces. Chenery could pick and choose. But though that part of his editorial duties was the reverse of disagreeable, he was never more happily in his element than when dining at the table in the north-east corner of the Athenæum *salle-à-manger*, with his habitual cronies reinforced by casual arrivals. Hayward, who in his later years seldom cared to dress and dine out, and Kinglake, who as yet had scarcely been afflicted by deafness, were regular members of the little party, and it

was no ordinary privilege to join it. There Forster would be induced to relate some of his anxious experiences as Irish Secretary, when he narrowly escaped the fate which befell Lord Frederick Cavendish. There was Lord Monk and another brilliant Irishman, Sir William Gregory, who had made his début in politics by facing O'Connell on the Dublin hustings, and who had won the blue ribbon of the Colonial Office as Governor of Ceylon. It was in that corner Sir Robert Morier commented one evening on the penny-wise folly of the Foreign Office, in refusing to sanction his arrangement with the Portuguese Ministry for the purchase of Lorenzo Marques for some 30,000*l.* We had cause to remember his words of wisdom when we went to war with the Boers. Hayward, by the way, though a close friend of Chenery's, never quite forgave him for the independent line he took. 'I thought we could count upon him,' he once complained. 'I introduced him to Lady Waldegrave, and now——' Chenery, who cared nothing for the fashionable world, was not the man to be seduced by the songs of the sirens. And *à propos* of his friendly relations with travellers, one memorable evening I recall at the Athenæum. I was privileged to make a third with Chenery and Palmer. I think it was the very day before that great Orientalist started on his disastrous Arabian expedition. I can see Palmer now, stroking his long beard, explaining his hopes and discussing his fair prospects. The old friends parted, in undemonstrative English fashion, with a warm handshake; a few weeks later Palmer met his dramatic death at the hands of Arab fanatics.

Chenery, like Delane, was fond of touring, and loved to take his holidays abroad. He sought out objects of historical interest, but could amuse himself well with the *dolce far niente* when nothing more exciting was to be had. He was a *bon vivant*, and appreciated the French cuisine. I was residing one spring at the Hôtel Brighton, at Boulogne, when I was agreeably surprised by an early call. He had crossed by the night packet, and was putting up at the 'Bains.' The *chef* of the 'Brighton' was an artist, and Chenery appreciated my invariable breakfast of a sole fresh from the Channel, with a squeeze of lemon, and an *omelette aux anchois*. When he broached the object with which he had dropped in on me, he was somewhat disappointed, for, much as I should have liked it, I could not accompany him on a visit to the fields of Crecy and Agincourt. But he resigned himself, and for two days was perfectly happy in lounging on the pier and strolling about the environs.

He ought to have been his own correspondent in Paris, and, had it been so, his days would have been prolonged. A Barbadian by birth, he was a genuine Parisian, and life on the boulevards was genuine luxury to him. But his interests were various as his amusements. He was as much in his element overhauling the bookstalls on the Pont Neuf, or inspecting Arabic manuscripts at the National Library, as when breakfasting at Brebant's, dining at Philippes's, or laughing in the stalls at a blood-and-thunder melodrama at the Porte St. Martin. For, on the whole, he preferred sensations or the humours of the Bouffes to the æsthetic art of the Français. When a day was specially fine he would go for excursions. One of the pleasantest was to St. Germain's, where on the terrace, with its outlook on the forest, and over dinner in the Pavillon de Henri Quatre, he waxed eloquent on the memories of the Valois wars and the shadowy Court of the exiled Stuarts. But, unlike Delane and Mowbray Morris, he could never leave his paper behind him. Morris used to say that nothing disgusted him more than seeing an assiduous waiter lay the newly arrived 'Times' on his breakfast-table. Chenery tore it open eagerly, and smiled or frowned as the case might be. The morning of a happy day at Fontainebleau was overclouded by something absolutely trivial as to a pork ring at Chicago, which could have affected no living soul except speculators immediately concerned. But the clouds passed with a drive in the forest, and Richard was himself again when we were being promenaded through the palace, viewing the scenes of Monaldeschi's assassination and the great Emperor's mournful *adieux* to his veterans.

We saw a great deal of Blowitz. I had met him first when he was acting aide-de-camp to Laurence Oliphant, in Oliphant's *appartement* in the Champs Elysées. He was then attending the Assembly at Versailles, while his chief was hunting Paris for news. Oliphant was delighted with his latest treasure-trove, congratulating himself on having given a born journalist a lift on the journalistic ladder. He said that Blowitz not only stenographed speeches on his memory, but acted the speakers to the life. His humorous version of Blowitz's being enrolled in the Legion of Honour was that he won the ribbon by shooting a woman. Blowitz, in his memoirs, takes himself more seriously, and ignores the incident, if it ever occurred. Oliphant said that Blowitz was walking with the Government troops, whom he had really brought into Marseilles for the suppression of the Commune. At a critical moment, when they were

near fraternising with the rabble, he saved the situation by firing his revolver at random into the crowd. His principles may have been subordinated to his professional ambitions, but he was in strong sympathy with the Republican *régime* when he succeeded Hardman as regular 'Times' correspondent, and assuredly no journalist had a keener *flair* or exerted greater political influence. He makes no idle boast when he says that he saved France from a second and more disastrous invasion. His friend, Frederick Marshal, wrote me in 1878—he and Blowitz used to meet every day—that they never went out for a morning stroll without seeing the Prussians passing again in triumph under Bonaparte's triumphal arch. So he was stirred to take action in the interests of peace. I had personal proofs of the weight he carried with the French authorities. Talking to him, I mentioned casually that an English governess, in whom my family was interested, had married a French revenue officer, and was bored to death with their dull quarters on the frontier of Lorraine. A few weeks afterwards that officer was transferred to a lucrative post at Lisle. I told Blowitz, as a strange illustration of discontent, that the lady was no happier at Lisle, where she objected to the murky atmosphere. Whether it were by way of showing his strength I cannot say, but the lady was promptly removed to the sunnier climate of the Gironde. In later years the *levée* in his little antechamber was crowded, though he was then extremely difficult of access to outsiders. He liked to let his busy brain have rest, or was wrapped in the pregnant meditations which flowed fast from his ready pen. Hurrying through Paris with a commission to write some letters from the Riviera, I called to ask him for introductions to Nice. He grasped my hand, said he was too hard at work thinking to talk, and scribbled off two lines on a couple of cards for the Préfet and the British Consul. From both the dignitaries I had a welcome and all the information I could desire. Great was his pride in the first and only journal. His dinner hour coincided with the 'Times' delivery, and one evening after dining *tête-à-tête* we adjourned for coffee to his den. He opened the paper eagerly, as if he had never seen it since Oliphant showed it to him for the first time when offering an engagement on it. He spread it on the table, saw two columns of his telegraphic letter, clasped his hands, threw up his eyes, and ejaculated, 'Isn't it beautiful?'

When I was putting up with Chenery at the 'Louvre,' Blowitz would come to breakfast full of political and social gossip, and of

his plans and schemes for the day. Like the diplomatist who told the Royal Commission that the first qualification for diplomacy was having a first-rate *chef*, he knew the value of a good table, and gave capital little dinners himself. For he preferred a small party where the talk could be general, and liked to have one notable man to take the lead. Once we deferred our departure, that Chenery might make acquaintance with M. de Freycinet, who was then directing the foreign policy of France; and the most agreeable of these bright evenings was when the only other guest was an Austrian Colonel, who came with a case of the most fragrant Havanas, who told with dramatic realism the story of the *triste noche* when he commanded Bazaine's rearguard on a more melancholy retreat than that of Cortez, and who was doomed to dishonour and the military disgrace which cut short a career of brilliant promise.

So that of Chenery ended prematurely, though under very different circumstances. The truth was, and reluctantly he had begun to realise it, that he had taken too heavy a burden on his broad shoulders. He was not cut out for that exceptional routine of incessant work and worry. When overstrained, trivialities got on his nerves and aggravated the trouble. Attacked by a painful internal disease, his pluck was great; for long he kept his secret, bearing up manfully, and going with an air of unruffled serenity about his ordinary business. Constitutionally secretive, it was characteristic that when he went to consult the family physician of his friend, James Payn, he revealed neither his name nor occupation. Very soon he was compelled to summon the doctor to his house; but even after, as I believe, it was intimated to him that he was virtually condemned, he rose from his couch to return to the office, concealing his griefs with Spartan fortitude. The effort may have been too much for him, for there was immediate collapse. Confined to his bed, his patience was admirable. He would still converse cheerfully on topics of the day, and on one of his last afternoons he sent a friend on a mission to get him a favourite brand of cigarettes. I had not a suspicion that the end was so near, nor even that it was certain. A surgeon was called to consultation with the doctor, and one evening they decided on an operation. It seemed successful, and I was assured there was no danger for the night. I looked my last on him, and went to my rooms in Jermyn Street. Next morning while dressing, the 'Times' messenger came to say that he had departed peacefully a few hours before.



### THAMES IN 'RAGE OF RAIN.'

'On the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin there was much rain, and such floods of water that, it is said, no such terrible a sight had been seen either before or since the deluge of Noah; the waters continued to increase for more than forty days.' So wrote the monkish chronicler of Abingdon concerning the year of grace 1269, and the preceding year had been little more tolerable, for the 'alarming thunder' in the month of April, alarming because unseasonable, had been 'followed by an inundation of rain, and very violent irruptions of water which continued during fifteen days.' But the probability, although it is by no means the received opinion, is that the floods of the thirteenth century were not a circumstance to those of the twentieth, and that the chronicler, if he had been able, in a state of temporary reincarnation, to describe his impressions of the floods of 1903 and 1904, would have used language more awestricken than he found adequate to the case between six and seven centuries ago. True it is that not a few modern writers, having no support from history beyond fragments like those quoted, which are expressed in quite general terms, have enlarged easily upon the widespread inundations that 'there must have been' in former times; but their imaginations have been stirred by inference, and the inference itself was, it is submitted, contrary to reason and probability.

Let us look for a moment at the history of the River Thames including in that title the whole course of the river from Seven Wells to London Bridge, so far as it is known. Of its original course we may not speak. Lord Avebury has made it clear that there is no such thing in nature as the original course of a river; and he has gone a long way towards establishing the proposition that, when dry land stood where the North Sea now is, a mighty river, composed of Thames, Humber, and Rhine, flowed away northward, through that plain, to discharge itself in the Arctic Ocean. But since the beginnings of human history in these islands, and from a time in that history so early that we can know little definitely about it, the course of the Thames has certainly varied little. The fortifications at Dorchester, lying, with its ancient cathedral, at the junction of Thame and Isis, and at the foot of

the rampart-crowned hill of Sinodun, were constructed in no man knows what early days; but they were certainly pre-Roman. They were undoubtedly built in view of the river-level of those days; and it is as plain as possible that the river-level, which the builders of those fortifications used to strengthen their position withal, was substantially the river-level of to-day. What manner of river was it? It was, there is every reason to suppose, the same sort of river that the Abingdon chronicler saw bursting its bounds in the thirteenth century, the same kind of capricious stream which the bridge-builders of Abingdon spanned early in the fifteenth century. It was not by any means so tame a rivulet that men might trifle with it. When the good men who afterwards formed the very practical Brotherhood of Christ built the bridge, which stands to this day as an example of good building, with many arches on the Oxfordshire side for the convenience of flood water, a local rhymester gave the credit to Harry of Monmouth:

King Herry the fyft, in his fourthe yere,  
He hath i-founde for his folke a brige in Berkschire;

and so far the verse is a mere piece of courtier's flattery. But the end of it is clearly drawn from local experience:

Another blyssed besines is briggys to make  
That there the pepul may not passe after greet schowres.  
Dole it is to draw a deede body out of a lake  
That was fulled in a fount stoon and felow of us.

Those words look like evidence of very grave floods in the early part of the fifteenth century. But those of the twentieth century have claimed their human victims also—men who had been made full Christians by baptism—at Sandford if not at Abingdon, and the floods in that locality have been a lake many times within the last eighteen months, on a scale which is not likely to have been exceeded in the past. In fact, Andersey Island, which is over against Abingdon, between the old river and the new—that has followed its present course since the days of Offa, King of Mercia, at the least; for he got Andersey Island from the Abbey of Abingdon in exchange for the Manor of Goosey in the Vale of White Horse—is so situated that it is made to be flooded, and can never be protected except by embankment.

Generally, what manner of river was the Thames until men began to attempt to confine it by locks and weirs? It is not really very hard to reconstruct the idea of the ancient river as

it was in the days after the stream above Oxford had annexed the rivers which, says Lord Avebury, previously ran south-east into the Kennet. Its levels now may be stated in the words of Lord Avebury: 'The present source of the Thames is about 600 feet above the sea; in 9 miles it has descended the first 300, and in 11 more another 100, to the 200 contour-line near Lechlade, after which it takes 72 miles to fall to 100 feet, which is reached near Great Marlow, and 48 miles more to the 25-foot level at London Bridge.' Its level was in all probability much the same at various points as it is now. This is to be inferred from the fact that at Dorchester the level is the same as it was at least 2,000 years ago. But its flow must have been vastly different and more rapid, particularly in the upper reaches, before the days of locks and weirs. When did these locks and weirs begin to be constructed? The first Thames Improvement Act became law in 1423, seven years after Burford Bridge at Abingdon was begun; but it is significant that it was passed, not in the interests of navigation, but with the object of assisting mill-owners to use the power of the stream to better advantage. In fact, it need not be doubted that, centuries before that date, especially in an age when the manor mill was an important and lucrative institution, the water of the Thames had been harnessed by men, pent up for a while, and then set loose to turn mill-wheels. Since that time some forty statutes have been passed dealing with the same subject, mostly in the interests of navigation, and the number of weirs and locks is, roughly speaking, about as great as that of the statutes. The direct effect of each lock and weir where, as below Oxford, they occur close together and are, so to speak, related to one another, is simply illustrated from a single example. At Abingdon Lock there is an average summer fall of six feet before a boat reaches the level at which it can proceed to Culham. This means that the natural flow of the water is penned back for four and a half miles to Sandford, and that the flow of surplus water over the weir is so regulated that there shall always be a sufficiency of water in the channel for purposes of navigation. Varying figures and distances, this is the story of every lock and weir on the Thames. Not for a moment is it suggested that the convenience of the navigation ought not to be considered. Indeed, there cannot be many men who hold stronger views than mine on the value of the Thames as a commercial highway, or on the folly which has been shown in permitting railway companies to acquire a large and vitally

situated section of our inland canals, and to starve them out of useful existence. Also full weight must be given to the effect of the towing-paths as embankments; and credit must be assigned to the Conservators of the Thames for their dredging operations, and for the cleansing and deepening of the channel. Still, when every allowance has been made, it remains difficult, and for me quite impossible, to believe that the construction of locks and weirs, with their incidents, has decreased the volume of floods, or rendered the course of the water on its way to the sea more rapid than it used to be. It is possible to regulate the floods, or their distribution, a little now, and that is all. Port Meadow may be drowned to save the meadows above Iffley or above Sandford; the water may be checked at Culham Lock and Sutton Courtney Weir in the interests of the land above Clifton Hampden; Goring and South Stoke may be submerged for the sake of the low-lying parts of Caversham and Reading; Maidenhead may be a standing water, in spite of its mayor, lest Windsor should be all awash, or Etonians, after the manner of the boys of Blundell's more humble school at Tiverton, described in 'Lorna Doone,' should be sent rejoicing home to the kisses of their mothers, although their fathers should remember that school bills will be sent in as usual. In fact, distribution of floods may be varied under the existing system with its present apparatus, but there will always be floods somewhere until that system and apparatus have been improved.

The enterprise of making the improvements and of constructing the apparatus which would put an end to these floods absolutely would, no doubt, be considerable. Is it worth while, on grounds of justice or of prudence, to undertake it? I put justice first, since its appeal ought to be heard more readily than that of prudence, although that is not the universal attitude towards its voice; and I venture to say that many of the scenes witnessed by me last summer, last winter, and last spring, filled me with the most profound admiration first, and with shame and grief later. I have looked down upon Oxford, an island in the midst of great waters. I have seen a lake extend from Nuneham almost to Radley; from Abingdon, over the Oxfordshire bank, to Culham; and the Berkshire shore also inundated near Sutton Courtney. By Appleford and Long Wittenham huge stretches of country have been submerged, and a journey up the Great Western line has shown South Stoke soaked in flood, Maidenhead a morass, Reading running with water, Windsor wretched, Eton eagerly

expectant. I have seen this in summer, in winter, and in spring. In summer, at the rare hours when the sun shone on the waste of waters, the sight was sublimely beautiful, especially at Oxford; in winter and spring, when the pitiless rain fell from a drab sky, or rather from the thick curtain of semi-opaque air which enshrouded the whole earth, the spectacle was too gloomy, too depressing, to be grand. It had not the life, the eventfulness, of a storm, an earthquake, or an avalanche, which make for majesty; it was merely a picture of monotonous and hopeless misery.

Even in summer, when the trees were reflected green in the waters, when the ripples laughed in the sun, countless and smiling as those of the sea that Homer loved, pleasure at the sight was soon merged in sadness; enjoyment was so heartless as to be impossible.

*Sternuntur segetes et deplorata coloni  
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.*

Mown hay floated away down stream, to clog the weirs and make the flood worse than ever. The fields in which it grew had been dressed, and kept close for many weeks, and men, or machines, had mowed them, and tried to make the grass into hay—and all this labour and hard-earned money had gone to sheer waste. Grass unmown was better in so far that the farmers had spent less money on it, but worse in that the fields on which it stood would be worth nothing for many a long day. Pasture was ruined by muddy deposits. Cattle had to be driven long distances to other pasture, hired at no small price. Sheep, which abhor wet walking, and acquire various diseases from it besides, had been driven to the uplands. In fact, the floods meant ruinous expense for all riverside farmers, to say nothing of untold discomfort, which will not appear to tell its tale, as the expense has appeared and will appear, in the bankruptcy returns. For the riparian farmers no man with a heart of flesh and blood could feel anything but deep sympathy. Nor could it be refused to the riverside innkeepers, who for some years now have passed through a bitter experience. But since, even under the best of human arrangements, the rain would have fallen just the same, the sympathy with the innkeepers differed in kind from that which went out to the farmers; for the latter were suffering more than ought to be necessary, and the causes of their losses were preventable.

All the time, too, it has been plain and pitiful to see how readily men delude themselves into living in fools' paradises. At Oxford,

for example, there have been floods from time immemorial; and Port Meadow, Christ Church Meadow, and the fields on the Berkshire side over against the College barges, used to be flooded habitually in days gone by. But within the last few years, cheated into false security by a sunny cycle, sanguine young men, with middle-aged dons to advise them, appear to have placed a strained interpretation upon *non semper imbres*, and to have assumed that the days of floods had gone, never to return. The assumption by itself would not have mattered much, perhaps; but, more's the pity, it has been acted upon. The ancient water-meadows by the riverside have been acquired by the cricket clubs of Brasenose and of Queen's College, they have been laid out and turfed at considerable expense, trim pavilions and ground men's habitations have been erected. Obviously, if the Thames were but controlled, the situation would be ideal, and such when nature is kind it is. Nothing could have been more delightful than it was, during the brief spell of fine weather which favoured the 'Summer Eights' last year, to be an undergraduate of Brasenose who did not toil at the oar; for he might, if he pleased, pass a part of the afternoon in cricket-practice or at lawn-tennis, and show something of a 'wet-bob's' patriotism at his convenience, by running with the eight from Iffley, or by shouting encouragement from the luxurious ease of a punt moored under the Berks bank, as fashion now permits. It is easy to imagine sometime undergraduates consoling themselves with the thought that now the old division between the rowing men and the rest would vanish, that the College Eight in its hours of ease would not disdain to view the prowess of the flannelled but not necessarily foolish Eleven, that the cricketers might spare time from the wicket to watch the straining Eight and to urge them onward to bumps and glory by those raucous shouts which warm the heart of him who shouts, if they do no good to anybody else. But this was a dream to be realised only for spaces of time too brief to be more than tantalising. These cricket-grounds, so-called, have so often been a standing water that, unless they be embanked, or the Thames be controlled, they can hardly serve their original purpose effectually.

Here, then, is one form of loss caused by the floods, calling for the sympathy that can hardly be refused even by those who perceive that at the outset it was not entirely wise to lay out cricket-grounds in a position obviously threatened with inundation from time to time. Let the stern moralist reflect that he

also once was young, and if he thinks that the 'dons' might have given sage advice, let him remember that very likely they gave it in vain. Did he never neglect the advice of his tutor, offered in a spirit of gentle despair by one conscious of the sanguine imprudence of youth? Was he never headstrong when all the world was young? If not, then away with him and with his unnatural self-satisfaction, and let more generous hearts than his be sorry for the disappointment of the rising generation which, having built unto itself cricket-pavilions, is in a fair way to have to use them as sailing-club houses. To the farmer, whose losses have been touched upon, even the stern moralist can hardly refuse sympathy, for he will scarcely go so far as to say that the farmer has only himself to blame for taking a riparian farm. In strict and logical justice, of course, this view might be urged; but the more practical as well as the more generous view is that the lush grass that grows by the waterside ought to be used to the best advantage; that it is one of God's gifts to men, not to be thrown away wantonly, and to be preserved, if that be possible, against dangers uncertain as to the moment of their arrival, but sure to come at some unexpected day unless preventive steps be taken.

Yet another kind of damage has been done by water, and will be done again many times if the present system and apparatus for the management, or mismanagement, of the Thames be allowed to continue. It is damage to dwelling-houses and their appurtenances, where dwelling-houses have been built on land now liable to be flooded. Now these dwelling-houses are of two kinds—the new and the old. Maidenhead provides abundant examples of the former; Oxford, Abingdon, Caversham, Reading, and Eton many of the latter. At Abingdon, for example, the long piazza of one-storeyed tenements known as Christ's Hospital was flooded in February; it has stood in its present position, a monument of the good feeling of the old world, and of its good sense too (for it is still as useful a charity as ever), since the fifteenth century. At Maidenhead, on the other hand, are many houses, most of them Late Victorian, some of them Early Edwardian, placed with almost as little wisdom as was shown in the selection of the site of the Brasenose cricket-ground. But are those amongst us who have set our houses on hills therefore entitled to say that the occupants of these less happily situated homes have only themselves to blame when the uninvited Thames calls, without ringing the bell, and occupies the ground-floor to the exclusion of the rightful occupant,



and leaves it at last devastated by all-pervading slime? Well, in our stiffest mood of Pharisaism, perhaps we are entitled to make broad our phylacteries and to speak in this tone; but it is not popular, it is not kind: it is the tone which, when adopted among schoolboys without due calculation of the bodily strength of the persons addressed, is apt to provoke the counterquip quarrelsome. In fact, it is ill-natured; and it can never be right to be ill-natured.

It is in some such mood as this, of instinctive antipathy to ill-nature, that, looking at scenes of desolation due partly to the mistakes of the victims, partly to causes entirely beyond their control, one is disposed not to criticise closely the measure of each individual claim to sympathy, but to regard the whole mass of suffering as an evil to be encountered in a firm and practical spirit. After all, why should not the cricket-grounds of Brasenose and of Queen's College be cricket-grounds? Why should scores of farms be drowned and an equal number of farmers be brought to, or beyond, the brink of bankruptcy? Why should not the pleasant lands of Maidenhead and South Stoke be occupied by trim villas and gay gardens? Why should there be lakes at Reading? Why should the arduous studies of Etonians be interrupted or, perhaps worse still from their point of view, the fives-courts be all awash and 'Sixpenny' a mere? These floods are not an unavoidable visitation, any more than an epidemic of enteric or of diphtheria is such when defective drainage has provided a nursery for their bacilli. They are undoubtedly preventable.

Strong and free; strong and free;  
The floodgates are open away to the sea.

So Kingsley wrote, and many a clear and powerful voice has sung possibly even in a riverside drawing-room and with the more earnest emphasis; and here is part at least of the remedy. I do not venture to say that the enterprise would be an easy or an inexpensive one, or that the simple process of lowering the sills of the weirs would certainly accomplish the desired end; for I know that running water is a tricky thing to meddle with, albeit results are not so completely unforetellable in the case of a river as when it is a question of interfering with ocean currents, which are apt to upset the calculations of the most expert engineer. I remember, too, that the natural fall of the river, during the greater part of its length, is, as has been mentioned, very gradual. But,

even as matters are, much good might be effected by unity of well-considered purpose at headquarters, and by the installation of telephones which would serve to keep headquarters informed as to the state of the river at every point, and to transmit the orders of headquarters to all the lock-keepers. So the whole problem might be considered in all its bearings, and action taken accordingly. With this, and with sills lowered judiciously—at the points where it is plain that, when every existing outlet is free, great floods cannot escape quickly enough—much might certainly be done. But, without being a professed engineer, one may hazard the assertion that the age which has seen the Nile controlled might easily see the Thames reduced to discipline; without being a professed economist, one may pronounce confidently that the work is worth doing; and without fear of contradiction one may say that, if anything so helpless as our attitude towards the floods of the Thames were to be seen in any of our Colonies, the newspapers would ring with invective until the proper steps were taken. But that is an old story. If, for example, the water-supply of the newest South African Colony were half as scanty and as bad as that of the heart of Berkshire it would probably cost a Colonial Secretary his place; the view of the authorities for home government—of the Ministry of the Interior, so to speak—is that the whole duty of Englishmen is 'to suffer and be strong.' It is also their birthright to grumble at the powers that be.

J. E. VINCENT.

## *THE BEGINNING IN THE FAR EAST.*

BY DAVID HANNAY.

WHOEVER takes upon himself to comment on the long-prepared collision between Russia and Japan has reason to be thankful that he is able to tackle his subject when the emotions evoked by the opening scenes have had time to subside. Surprise is not favourable to the exercise of critical judgment, and the first passages in this war were startling enough to throw most observers off their balance. The helplessness of the Russians at sea, shown partly by the scared and passive attitude of their squadron at Port Arthur, but even more by the nervous, unstable audacity of the cruisers at Vladivostock, the numerous evidences of their ineptitude, contrasted as they were with the brilliant efficiency of the Japanese, all combined to produce a natural, but none the less a false impression. It looked as if Russia must be hopelessly outmatched, as if the vast bulk of her power were merely overgrown and flabby, and as if the sham Colossus would collapse before its wiry assailant. The giant entrapped and disposed of by Jack in the Bean Stalk appeared to be no inappropriate image for the lumbering monster—big, indeed, but stupid unspeakably. Such an estimate of the case was altogether wrong; but some resolution was required to resist its superficial plausibility. The few weeks which have passed since Admiral Togo's advanced squadron struck its ringing blows at the target so unwisely put up for its convenience in the roadstead of Port Arthur have already produced reasons for at least moderating a too eager confidence in the final victory of Japan. All that the naval successes of the islanders have done has been to show that they will not be quickly beaten; and though this is much, it is far short of triumph over Russia. We are not in sight of the end, but only at the beginning of a great trial of strength of which the future course is full of obscurity, and of possibilities of disaster to others than the immediate combatants.

The war now in its early stages has been in preparation for more than half a century, as far back, in fact, as the day when Count Nikolas Muravieff was made Governor of Eastern Siberia in 1847.

Russian officers on remote frontiers do not lay themselves open to the rebuke which Sextus Pompeius gave to Menas :—

Ah, this thou shouldst have done  
And not have spoke on't !

Muravieff gained his cognomen 'Amursky' by doing what the Czar must have condemned if his Governor's tongue had betrayed his act, but found 'afterwards well done,' when it was 'done unknown.' With the establishment of the Russians on the Amur, the first step towards the annexation of Manchuria was taken. As early as 1857 Count Putiatin made a premature disclosure of their appetite for that rich morsel. But the history of Muscovite advance goes always on the same lines. Pretensions are put forward, and withdrawn in the presence of obstacles it is not convenient to remove at once by force. Then they are kept in reserve, to be produced as conferring rights in the fulness of time. Scientific expeditions came in harmless search of knowledge, drawing behind them the trader, who is a link in the chain which is next found to include the Cossack. Behind him come the permanent garrison, the Governor with his staff of *tehinovniks*, and avowed annexation. It is a cruel process, being a mixture of bullying and of pettifoggery. As a spectacle one may prefer the open conquest of corrupt China by these very Manchus, who in the changes of things are being eaten artichoke-wise, as the House of Savoy assimilated Italy, one leaf at a time. One has to acknowledge, though, that there is a kind of inevitableness about it when force and order come front to front with weakness and anarchy. The superior goes on till another strong man armed bars the road. In this case the summons to stop has come from a quarter whence no such surprise can have been expected when Count Putiatin made his modest demand in 1857 after exploring the Amur route to Japan.

When the United States, and England following their example, forced the Island Kingdom to open its doors, they were unwittingly preparing an enemy for Russia unlike any she had met on the continent of Asia. A generation hence the world will very possibly have been taught that the revolution, or restoration, which abolished the power of the Togugawa Shoguns, was the most fruitful event of the nineteenth century, as much it may be as the teaching of Mahomet was of more consequence than the campaigns of Heraclius against the Persian king. The enlightened selfishness of two trading nations intent only on opening markets has brought to life something the world has never yet seen—an Oriental nation

governed by a class of martial men of keen political faculty, who have thoroughly grasped the truth that Europe can only be resisted by employing its methods of conducting war. It was no discovery of theirs only. Indian princes, the great Haidar Ali for one, Ranjit Singh, and the chiefs of the Mahrattas, had a more or less intelligent perception of the same fact. But they were enlightened barbarians working alone, without the help of a class capable of producing a corps of officers, and, therefore, wholly dependent on the services of Swiss and French adventurers. The five-fingered hand would not go into the four-fingered glove. Left to themselves, the native warriors of the Punjaub, or the Deccan, fell back on the confused, inefficient ways of Asia. Very different has been the story of Japan. Here there has been no mere soldier master with a clearer head than his subjects trying to force them into a mould they could not keep. A whole governing class has spontaneously set to work to learn, to adapt, to master, and has marvellously succeeded. That they have become civilised, in our sense, while acquiring the knowledge which is to make them safe against European dictation, is seemingly the general belief. Perhaps, and perhaps also another generation will know better than we do, whether behind the veil concealing the inner mind of a most astute, secretive people there is the disposition to renounce, or the cherished resolution to defend that ancient, polite, and ferocious civilisation which is already theirs. It is a fatal error of the Chinese to debase the soldier, and they have paid for being the most 'donnish' of nations. Yet it is conceivably a mistake to take for granted that the ability to handle torpedoes, or even to conduct campaigns on sound strategical principles, necessarily connotes what Europe calls civilisation. After all, Genghis Khan and his generals were fine strategists. The learned call on us to admire the skill of their campaigns of desolating savagery.

While we are waiting to find out, it may be at our own expense, how far Europe has penetrated below the skin of Japan, the imitative faculty of the race and the brains of their leaders have made disciplined soldiers of them, and have given them a navy of genuine value. The nature of things has brought them into conflict with Russia. The preliminaries of their duel have been arranged as by the hand of an artist. While the Czar's officers were extorting the treaty of Aigun in 1859, while Russia was recovering from the Crimea, was fixing her hold on the Far East, and exploring the road for her next advance, Japan was going through her new birth. Her double government of Mikado and

Shogun was simplified. Daimios and Samurai, who still presented a complete picture of the feudal life of the Middle Ages as late as 1860, were being crushed, or taught that they must learn the new lesson. Having been forced by external pressure to throw open her gates to the world, she was very soon ready to march out from them, armed with the best alike of weapons and of knowledge which Europe had to supply, intent on proving that she also quite understood the full significance of those magic words, necessary expansion and national interest. The memory of mediæval glories and geographical propinquity joined to turn her attention to Korea. Japan had shut herself in to exclude Spanish, Portuguese, or Dutch intrusion, and the Jesuit missionary, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Korea had become 'the Hermit Kingdom' by way of guarding herself from a renewal of Japanese outrage. She had withered within her walls while Japan, by an exception as astounding as her recent development, had kept her energy. To the able men about the Mikado, what could be more natural than to guide their country on the road to its natural destiny? Pretext, or, if the term will pass better, justification, would not be wanting. Throngs of traders, insecurity for the Japanese settled in Korean ports, Chinese intrigue at Seoul, could hardly fail to be quotable. In 1894 Japan, with fresh experience of her own to tell her how the game should be played on the most approved European lines, fell on.

The war which began in that year and ended in the Peace of Shimonoseki in 1895 was the immediate forerunner of the struggle of to-day. It was a revelation of a new Japan, or at least of a newly armed Japan notable to all the world, and not least to Russia. To her it was a clear warning that there would be more than the reluctance of China to accept foreign domination, or than the opposition of European rivals to overcome, before her ambition was satisfied in the Far East. The Japanese were, it may be, not quite so sagacious in policy as they were alert in aggression and capable in war. By their eager attack they strained every part of the much-worn framework of Chinese administration, shaking it to its very foundations. They made the most obtuse of Mandarins about the Court at Peking realise that there was an enemy at the gate more terrible than Russia herself. By laying hands not only on Korea, but on the approaches to the Gulf of Pechili, Port Arthur, and Wei-hai-Wei, they showed with something of the haste of youth that they were hurrying to forestall

the other self-appointed heirs of the Chinese Sick Man. Neither at the moment, nor since, has their precipitancy been to their advantage. If China did not sign the Peace of Shimonoseki with a Russian assurance in her pocket that its terms would not be allowed to stand, the reason would only have been that no express declaration to that effect was necessary. At all hazards—and as things stood, there was no real risk—Russia was bound to prevent a settlement of this character. She did with the co-operation of France, which needs her support, and of Germany, which has the best of motives for deprecating her enmity. The stricken field for the nonce yielded Japan no more than a substantial money indemnity, the fittings of the Chinese dockyard of Port Arthur, and reputation. So much for the credit side of the balance. On the other there was much to be set : a great impulse had been given to the disintegration of China, and, of course, to the enterprise of other expectant heirs. Out of that war and that peace have come, by a process as inevitable as gravitation, the seizure of Kiao Chau by Germany, our own vacillating movements around Wei-hai-Wei, the lease of the Liao Tung Peninsula to Russia, and the railway convention of 1896, which puts the Czar's officers 'in possession' in Manchuria. All these occupations and so forth, save perhaps our own at Wei-hai-Wei, which has no particular character, were manifestly measures of precaution against Japan. The general trend of events might have been not wholly dissimilar in any case, but, as they have actually happened, they have been dictated by the over-haste of the Japanese to lay hands on the spoil of China.

They have since handsomely atoned for their youthful hurry. It is true that incidents occurred in Korea in 1896, including the rather exceptionally vile murder of the Empress, which show that they were not cured all at once of the desire to be at the X Y Z before they were done with the A B C. The Russian intrigue which, as we compendiously put it, fills that unfortunate country baffled the ambition of Japan once again. But for the next eight years no more mistakes were made. The Japanese stood by while Germany planted her garrison at Kiao Chau, and the arm of Russia stretched across Manchuria to lay a heavy hand on the Liao Tung Peninsula. 'Le Japon ne boude pas, il se recueille,' they might have said, quoting their enemy. Through all that happened they went on preparing. The correctitude of their conduct gained the sympathy of all who fear the consequences of a



Russian advance. They were probably not responsible for the wild proposal that they should be sent as the representatives of Europe to restore order during the Boxer outbreak. One success they have achieved of the most legitimate order and the most vital consequence. The treaty with England secured them against a renewal of the Triple Alliance of 1894. This danger being removed, the date of the inevitable collision with Russia was bound to coincide exactly with the day when Japan knew that her preparations were as complete as it was in her power to make them.

The English people, 'the most sentimental in the world,' said Lord Beaconsfield, is liable to fits of enthusiasm for strange heroes. It is to-day making a pet of the Japanese, in whom it has persuaded itself to find a victim threatened by the Russian ogre. The conquering advance of Russia is patent enough--as easy, indeed, to see as the spread of our own dominion in many quarters, or the French. Its methods are, we may make the boast with a clear conscience, not ours. The annihilation of the Yomud Turkomans, the slaughter of Geok Tepe, and some recent transactions at Blagovestchensk, are not actions which can be charged against any British Government, though private men of our race have done not otherwise with redskins and blackfellows. Russia, too, still holds by the rule which was once our own, that colonies and distant possessions are preserves to be kept for the exclusive benefit of the ruling State. Nothing is more intelligible than that we should be well content to see her baulked when she endeavours to spread her authority over regions hitherto open to our enterprise. But that Japan abounds in all the virtues which Russia lacks is not a consequence following from their mutual enmity. If the Japanese are threatened, it is as the Englishmen of Edward III. or Henry V. might have been if some formidable opponent had barred their road to France. It was not in self-defence, but to obtain territory, that they attacked China in 1894. Their ways are not by any means unlike the Russian. The massacre at Port Arthur may rank with Skobelev's at Geok Tepe. They did not take Formosa to protect themselves, but for quite other reasons, and their treatment of the Chinese they found there smacks very strongly indeed of Russian devices for inspiring awe in subjects. Let us take Dr. Johnson's invaluable advice, and clear our minds of cant. Japan is a conquering Power which is fighting for a carcass with another like unto herself. Her rulers and her people have all the qualities required to play the part. The rulers have confidence

in themselves and their authority ; they can foresee, are patient in preparation, and energetic in action. The people is obedient, loyal, and courageous. In short, there is a force ready to spread to the utmost attainable point of a great ambition, and to fight furiously against all opposing barriers. Russia firmly fixed in Manchuria and overshadowing Korea would be a wall not easily to be pierced. The Japanese are resolved to break it down before it is quite built, partly because attack may one day come from behind it, but still more because it would lie across their own road to Empire.

These fine political and military qualities of theirs have been admirably displayed during the past year. They have put themselves right by posing as the opponents of Russian aggression, and have given their enemy every opportunity to put himself in the wrong. When the secret history of the months since last August is revealed we shall know why the war was not forced on then, when the quarrel was as good as it was in February. At present it is only possible to guess that preparations were not quite completed, or that ear was given to advice from abroad. It may be that the commentators who blame Japan for allowing Russia time to reinforce her army in Manchuria will turn out to be right, but on the whole the Japanese appear to have chosen the moment well. We need not delay over the negotiations dragged out through the final months of last year and the first weeks of this. We know just as much of them as the parties choose to tell. But if the case laid before the world by Russia is honestly stated, then this much at least is certain, that she had no excuse whatever for not foreseeing the approach of war. She accuses Japan, which altogether denies the truth of the charge, of having introduced fresh demands as to Manchuria into the discussion when her first claims were conceded. If so, it is puerile in the Czar's Ministers to talk of surprise. They are themselves to blame for not knowing where they stood. They had, on their own showing, as clear a warning as Frederick the Great gave to Maria Teresa before the Seven Years' War, when he called on her to justify the concentration of her troops in Bohemia. Outcries over hostilities without declaration of war are always childish. As between belligerents, the only warning to be expected is the nature of the quarrel, and the natural result of the refusal by the one of the demand of the other. Whatever the motives of their long-suffering may have been, the Japanese were patient during the offensive delays of

Russia. The Russians, we are assured, were convinced that their rivals would not actually draw the sword. So much the worse for them if it was so, but they prepared as if they knew well that the trial of strength might come.

So far it has gone all in favour of the Japanese, and it may confidently be asserted that fortune has had no share in their successes—unless, indeed, we consider that she is to be thanked for supplying an inept enemy. They have taken the fair reward of intelligent measures vigorously applied. When the decisive moment had come the immediate task before their officers was to secure Korea in spite of all the Russian naval force at Port Arthur could do to stop them. The vague doctrine, known as 'The Fleet in Being' would have it that before the Japanese could safely begin passing troops into the peninsula they must defeat Admiral Stark. But they have not taken the pedantry of Europe with its knowledge. The transports carrying the troops sent to occupy Seoul, sailed under the protection of the main Japanese naval force commanded by Admiral Togo. They were approaching Chemulpo on Monday, February 8, when the first shot was fired at them by the Russian gunboat *Koriets*—an incident which, by the way, disposes of all talk of 'treasonable' surprise by the Japanese. The commander of the *Koriets* presumably knew that he was at war before he committed an act of hostility. Where Admiral Togo was at that moment we do not accurately know, but he was somewhere between the transports, with the cruiser escort of Admiral Uriu, and Port Arthur. The lively imagination of French narrators has led them to assert that in the course of the afternoon or evening of the 8th Togo met an English ship at sea, 'by accident,' with inverted commas to mark the sarcasm, and was joined by a spy from her, who brought news of the position of the Russian squadron in the roadstead of Port Arthur. On what principles this force was being handled it is impossible to guess with confidence. Admiral Alexeieff, the Viceroy of the East, was in the town and in communication with his Government. He must have known (and, seeing that the conduct of negotiations was in his own hands, had the best reason for knowing) that diplomatic relations were broken off. His squadron had been out on some mission not explained, but assuredly not for peaceful purposes only. Yet no precaution to meet attack was taken. It is said that the Admiral Viceroy has expressed the opinion that the Japanese were efficient only

in show. He acted as if this were his conviction. All the blame for the careless placing and bad guard of the Russian squadron cannot be thrown on its immediate commander, Admiral Stark, who would not have neglected a previous warning from his brother seaman and superior. The mismanagement for which the Czar should one day call his servants to account, had its proper punishment at once and in full measure. During the night between February 8 and 9 a Japanese torpedo attack disabled the battleships *Tsarevitch* and *Retvisan*, and the cruiser *Pallada*. Next morning Admiral Togo bombarded the ships confusedly huddled in the roadstead, damaging the battleship *Pultava* and the cruisers *Diana*, *Askold*, and *Novik*. Seven Russian ships were struck out of the list of effective forces for the time being, and the 'Fleet in Being' at Port Arthur had become the 'Fleet at Bay.'

This much we can be sure of, and it is the dominant fact of the situation. The details are in the last degree uncertain. No information comes to us save just as much as the two Governments think fit to publish of the despatches of their servants. In no war of our time, or of the times before us, has the correspondent been kept in better order. Japan kept hers during the early days of the war at Tokio nursing their energies for future labours. From Manchuria nothing has come but what was official—or French, which is much the same thing. Meanwhile the fable-inventing faculty of the East has been busy from Chefoo to Shanghai, and there has been speculation why the torpedoes did not do still more damage. The fables dissolve of themselves, and we can wait for enlightenment about the torpedoes. The main fact, which has decided the future character of the war, is luminously clear. It is that the Japanese have been the masters up to the shore, or up to the point where the guns of the Russian forts become too dangerous to be faced.

What exact measure of success they have met in this particular affair or in that is really of subordinate interest. It may be that the torpedo exploded by the two destroyers in their daring attack during the dark and the snowstorm of February 13th struck the shore and not a Russian ship. The attempt to bottle up Port Arthur by sinking merchant ships in the fairway on the 23rd may have been a total failure or a very partial success. More than this latter it cannot have been, as the Russians have, by the confession of the Japanese, come in and out since the venture was tried. It is an old one, much older than Captain

Hobson's feat at Santiago, and has never answered. The odds against the exact placing of the obstacles are great at all times, and too great when the work has to be done under a hot fire, by night, and amid tides. From the Russians we hear of a further torpedo attack on the 25th, of its repulse, and of operations of their cruisers not of a very intelligible order. In the meantime the squadron is tied to its harbour of Port Arthur—a poor one, for the deep water is limited in extent, the approaches are difficult and liable to be hampered by ice, and the inner basin is frozen in hard weather. Dockyard accommodation is small, and the Russians do not profess to be able to do more than patch up the *Tsarevitch*, while the *Retvisan* lies on the mud, not quite useless as a fort, it is true, for her deck is above water, and she can fire her guns, but no longer able to float. At Chemulpo the *Variag*, a quick cruiser, and the old *Koriets*, were miserably sacrificed on February 9. The four cruisers at Vladivostock have come out, sunk one Japanese merchant ship, and spared another, gone back, and come out again. A Japanese squadron has bombarded the forts at a most respectful distance, and seemingly by way of reconnaissance. What stands out of the whole story is the one plain undeniable truth that the navy of Japan goes where it pleases, and attacks when it likes, while the Russian stands back to wall and feebly tries to ward off blows by crossing its arms in front of its face. The want of security for finding coal on the road seems to present an invincible obstacle to the arrival of reinforcements from Europe. If the naval forces laboriously collected by Russia were meant to assist her in annexing Manchuria by keeping the Japanese out of the arena—and one does not know for what other purpose they can have been sent—they have proved perfectly valueless.

With her flanks well covered on the sea to west and east of Korea, Japan has been busily at work taking seizin of Korea. The secrecy of the operation has been further secured by the enforced absence of correspondents, and by clouds of rumours of landings from Possiet Bay south of Vladivostock, round to the Gulf of Liao Tung. In this convenient obscurity the Mikado's officers have been engaged in securing the independence and territorial integrity of Korea. Their methods have (not for the first time) a strangely Russian air. Troops pour in unopposed unless it be by the observation of a Cossack patrol at Ping Yang. Pro-Russian Koreans of note have been deported to Japan, with

the not surprising result that their partisans have 'changed their mind.' Good order has been scrupulously maintained, so the censored telegrams inform us, and we can without hesitation believe. Pillaging habits are ruinous to discipline, and the opinion of the world is to be considered. A protocol signed on February 23 has regulated the position of Japan in Korea. It is always a puzzle to unofficial readers how the diplomatic augurs keep their countenances when these documents are being drafted, and this one must have imposed a severe test. The relations of Korea to Japan are to be drawn closer, and close they will be as the collar round the neck of a dog in a leash. The independence of Korea is to be assured by the presence of a Japanese 'political,' who will give advice concerning its government. Japan will occupy such strategical positions as appear desirable, and neither party is to enter into any treaty obligation incompatible with this. Korea, we see, is secured all the independence of the Khan of Bokhara. There is no need to speak of hypocrisy, though the word would be employed freely if the signature of the Czar were at the foot of the protocol, and not the Mikado's. Japan can do no other since she has entered on this war. She must be mistress of Korea while the fighting lasts, and will remain so if the stricken field is in her favour. Only let us observe that the very first result of Japan's championship of freedom for the Far East against Russia has been her own practical annexation of Korea. It has given her the needful basis of operations for an advance on Manchuria, and it will be the prize of her victory, since there is now little prospect of a second coalition to deprive the victors of the fruits of another Treaty of Shimonoseki.

The question what prospect Japan has of ultimate success is one which cannot be answered till events have supplied us with a reply to another inquiry—namely, does the Russian army suffer from any equivalent to the internal defects which have rendered her fleet in the Far East of no avail? The war has done more than supply the Japanese with a good taking-off place for a leap on Manchuria. It has given us a very sharp and much-needed reminder that comparative list-making and the counting of noses are poor ways of estimating the real strength of either fleets or armies. Russia has not failed at sea for want of numbers, though Japan had the better fleet. The difference between her six finer battleships and the Russian eight, her eight armoured cruisers against four, her thirteen protected cruisers against nine, was

not of itself enough to account for such an easy assertion of superiority. There has been something else—incapacity of officers, untrained crews, stupidity in the engine-room which has spoilt the machines, we know not as yet exactly what—but the fault has been in the men, not their weapons. Are the Russian army officers, and their soldiers, no more to be trusted? If they are not, the day will soon come when they will be in full retreat across the Amur. But it must be remembered that the Russian fleet is a mere creation of a Government resolved to have an armed force at sea, and formed without traditions or natural aptitude. So is not the Russian army. We must expect more from it. Yet it will need all the merits it may have, for its master has set it a task of enormous difficulty. From the junction of Kharbin on the Sungari it is four hundred miles to Port Arthur and three hundred to Vladivostock. The railways pass through country which would promptly become hostile if defeat fell on the Russian arms. A line joining the two ports would cross a country of mountain and forest offering no resources to an army. This is in some measure a protection to the Russians in Manchuria, but only against a direct forward movement of the Japanese from Korea. Nothing, however, compels the Japanese to take the bull by the horns. Having once cleared their protectorate up to the Yalu, they can take advantage of their command of the sea and turn their enemy's flank. Russia, it is sometimes said, will imitate the strategy of 1812, and her armies will retire to Kharbin. If they do they leave Port Arthur and Vladivostock to be besieged and to fall by hunger, supposing that they can be taken by no other means. The Japanese, with safe communications behind them, can be in strength at either point, or at both, if Russia is going to try the Fabian method. Deprived of those two ports, Russia could not stay in Manchuria at all, and she must fight for them, and with great armies. We may be sure that nothing short of an internal collapse will prevent her from endeavouring to save them. What her immediate resources on the spot are is, like so much else, mainly matter of guesswork. Carefully made estimates give her 175,000 men in Manchuria at the outbreak of the war, including garrisons and railway guards. It is not a number which leaves much for a field army. But it must be borne in mind that she has great reserves to draw on. Snowstorms and ice make campaigning hard for the Japanese, when they leave the sea coast just now, and a month hence the thaws will



begin, and the roads, such as they are, will be still more impassable. Till summer comes the Russians may calculate that their enemy can do no more than besiege one of the ports or both. By summer the reinforcements will have arrived from home, and then the real trial of strength will come.

NOTE.—Since the above was written the arrival of Admiral Makaroff, to supersede Admiral Stark at Port Arthur, has imparted some measure of vigour to the operations of the Russian torpedo flotilla. The reports from both sides of the encounters which took place on March 10 are so contradictory that it is not safe to be confident as to what exactly happened. Yet on the whole it does seem clear that the Japanese failed in another effort to block the entrance to the harbour, and that a sortie of the Russian torpedo craft, undertaken with the purpose apparently of carrying out a night attack on the enemy's squadron of battleships and cruisers, was repulsed with the loss of one vessel. The relative positions remain much the same.

*ICARUS.*

I WILL go, he said, to the gates of Dawn,  
 To the chambers of the day;  
 And question the things  
 Of colour and life,  
 Where the Sun-horse springs  
 From the cloud withdrawn—  
 Why sorrow is rife,  
 And joy fled far away.

He said, Of the god of the golden throne  
 Set high o'er the Eastern sea,  
 Where the shadow ships,  
 Dream-freighted, go  
 All silently  
 To shores unknown—  
 With passionate lips  
 I will ask why things are so.

Proudly he leapt from the purple crag  
 Upborne by the power of song,  
 By the wings which are love, and lovely truth;  
 Rapt by the hate of wrong.  
 O, glorious is the song of youth,  
 And bravely he spreads his wings;  
 May he never, as others, weary and flag,  
 May he sing as now he sings!

Star-like he suddenly shoots aloft  
 And shakes from his eyes the dew;  
 For the vapours creep  
 To the topmost height  
 And conceal the deep  
 In their cincture soft,  
 And who would know the sun's true light  
 Must rise from the mist untrue.

O, very fair are the meadows of space  
Aglow in the haze of dawn,  
And fair the Sowers  
Who fling the grain  
Far into the West, where night still lowers ;  
Sowing all that spacious lawn,  
Moving with a spirit's grace,  
Till colour is born again.

Stay, gracious Sowers, he cried, and paused  
In the delicate fields of air ;  
O, stay and tell  
This mystery—  
Why the gods have caused  
That ill o'er well  
Evermore should the victor be,  
And man almost despair.

They stay their hands, and the seed divine  
A moment they shyly finger ;  
But they answer not,  
For they know not ill  
Nor desolate lot—  
So the day but shine—  
He sighed. Is the lovely loveless still ?  
Then why do I vainly linger ?

He flew to the foot of the golden throne,  
To the god of the radiant day ;  
He told the groan  
Of sorrowful earth,  
The hateful deed—  
The smooth display—  
I have come ; for we of the light have need,  
He cried, we have need of mirth !

The iris that arches the swinging cloud  
On piers of purple and red  
Stands high in the West, and the dazzling sweep  
Of the storm is rushing under ;

O, glorious is destruction's leap  
To earth and the crash of thunder  
Makes joy for the gods when it shouts aloud—  
But lo! he is pale: he is dead!

Say, where is the man who hath climbed above,  
Upborne by the power of song,  
By the wings which are love, and lovely truth;  
Rapt by the hate of wrong  
O, Spirits of light, have ye naught of love—  
Spirits of storm, no ruth?  
Perchance he erred in asking aught—  
Or have ye granted the thing he sought?

Daedalus, Father, cease to mourn  
O'er that shattered form so white;  
Folded wings  
Are a poet's hearse—  
'Tis the dead who sings  
The founded verse;  
Out it streams from the shadowy bourn,  
And its music floods the night.

ARTHUR F. WALLIS.

# OLD TIME NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY D. W. PROWSE, K.C., LL.D.,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.'

THE admirers of Bacon in our day, who credit him with so many wonderful literary works, seem to have forgotten that the great Chancellor was an exceedingly busy man, an active politician, a great public officer. Letters and science were the mere amusement of his scanty leisure. The chief impression he made on his own times, as Ben Jonson tells us, was not as a writer, but as a splendid public speaker. Far in advance of his age, he believed in the Colonies, and, like Cecil Rhodes, he was both an empire founder and a company promoter. As the chief organiser of 'The London and Bristol Company for Colonising Newfoundland,' he drew both the highly coloured prospectus and the rules for the new enterprise. His clear vision foresaw the vast importance of a great fishery in the creation of England's maritime power. This prospectus is a truly Baconian production, a strange combination of piety and greed, philosophical theories and the shrewdest commercialism. In one passage he refers to 'the gold mine of the Newfoundland fishery, richer than all the treasures of Golconda and Peru.' Experience shows us that Bacon's prediction has come true. This wonderful harvest of the sea has been producing millions upon millions every season for four hundred years, as productive to-day as when John Cabot and his West-country fishermen first sighted 'the New-founde-launde,' and told their countrymen marvellous stories about the fish that were dipped up in baskets, of the great deer, and of the strange birds and beasts in this wonderful new island of the West. These tales of wealth in fur, fin, and feather in our most ancient colony are as true to-day as in the Tudor age.

Only a few years ago Newfoundland was almost an unknown country. The trans-insular railway and the steam ferry across the gulf have made a wonderful change, and the island has been brought into close connection with the outside world. No longer isolated, her shores are visited every season by increasing numbers of tourists. Thanks to the writings of such world-renowned sportsmen as

Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, F. C. Selous the great African hunter and explorer, J. Guille Millais the distinguished artist, naturalist, and sportsman, and H. Hesketh Prichard the famous cricketer and novelist, our colony has become at last famous as a great sporting country.

The keen hunter and deerstalker dearly loves a bit of adventure; hence to the true sportsman the chief interest in Newfoundland and Labrador will always lie in the fact that the great interior is a vast natural deer-park, larger than Ireland and totally uninhabited. Home of the woodland caribou, it contains hundreds of square miles where the foot of the white man has never trod, scores of fine lakes and rivers where no angler has ever cast a fly. Shooting in Newfoundland is essentially a wild sport; it involves much labour, and gives rise to many amusing incidents.

The spirit of adventure and love of the woods took possession of me at a very early age. Difficulties in the way only added to my keenness. In our little community the man who indulged in this vain pursuit was looked upon as a sinner swiftly passing down the road to perdition and insolvency. The friends of a respectable Scotch grocer and elder of the kirk once gave it out confidentially that Mr. McTavish had gone for a wee bit of troutin', but he did not wish it to be generally known for fear it would 'involve him with the minister and injure his business.'

My first real bit of sport began when I became the proud possessor of a double-barrel and an old Spanish pointer. His former owner was an ancient military officer, who drank hard, but killed well. For days and days I wasted powder and shot in vain attempts to bring down a bird. I believe I was about the worst shot that ever handled a gun. Ponto gave me up in despair, came permanently to heel, blinking his old eyes in disgust. After thirteen bad misses he sat on his haunches and fairly howled at me. I learned, however, to play one trick on the old fellow; by pretending to look for a dead bird I used to get him to work again. The first bird I killed in some blundering way he retrieved, but nothing would induce him to give it up to me until we reached home!

Early in my career I was appointed a district judge and police magistrate for the island. Strange to say, some of my very best shooting happened when I was engaged in my magisterial work, carrying out the law.

Wrecking cases always gave me capital sport, as they all happened in very out-of-the-way places, where there were good grouse-

moors. I once shot a whole covey of a dozen birds with the police, witnesses, and prisoners acting as beaters and markers. The grouse were scattered and rose in pairs. I had to swing round each time to shoot the second bird. The last killed was a very long shot, and it fell into a crevice of the rock; one of the prisoners, a long slim fellow, was lowered down by the heels to recover it. All the accused and witnesses in the case were keen hunters. I knew right well that if I had made a bad shot neither my legal acumen nor sound judgment would have won their appreciation half as much as straight shooting.

In these queer old times that I am writing about, so many years ago, there were no telegraphs, and as the small population of the island, some 180,000, was scattered over a coast-line as long as that of England and Wales, administering justice was a very difficult and troublesome business. Seafaring people looked upon wrecks as their lawful prizes, gifts sent to them direct by Providence, and their views about these fatalities were characteristic. Mostly the vessels contained valuable cargoes, but occasionally it was otherwise. I heard an old Irishwoman declare about one 'wrack,' 'I don't know what God Almighty is thinking about, sending us a terrible bad fishery, and then an old Norweegan brig full of nothing but rocks!'

In one instance I was sent to look after a very bad case of absolute piracy. The fishermen attacked the master and crew whilst their schooner was ashore, cut her masts, and forcibly took away all her gear and stores. I had to put up at the principal settler's house in the little cove, I well knew all were implicated in the wreck. They asked me to go in and see the mistress of the house, an old woman suffering from asthma. After I had told her of some remedies, she gasped out, 'Oh, why did they come so near the shore? Oh, why did they come so near the shore to timpt the poor peoples?'

I wish it thoroughly to be understood that these things happened years and years ago. They are the reminiscences of a garrulous old man relating to past times; dear, delightful days of Arcadian simplicity, when port wine was a shilling a bottle and the colony had no debt. No wrecking takes place now; we enjoy all the blessings of civilisation—trams, telegraphs, electric lighting. We are the most churchgoing people in the world. Our capital rejoices in a mayor and city council, and we have the biggest civic and general debt, *per capita*, amongst all the British colonies.



On one of my circuit routes I heard that my old friend, Captain Gulliford, of the Canadian Government steamer *Newfield*, was in a harbour near by, and that he wished to see me. When I came aboard with my dogs and gun, he insisted that I should go down with him to Cape Race, where he had to stay for some days, landing coal for the lighthouse. As there was splendid shooting ground around the Cape, inaccessible by land from want of roads, the opportunity was too tempting for my sporting propensities, so down I went. It is a dangerous place, landing, except in perfectly fine weather, being impossible. However, the water kept smooth, and for three perfect days I had delightful shooting.

On the Tuesday night, as we were having supper, by way of a joke I said to Gulliford: 'The Allan boat *Nova Scotian* passes the Cape to-morrow morning; would it not be splendid for me to go home in her?' 'Well,' said the lighthouse-keeper, Myrick, 'I will put up the signal, "Will you take a wrecked crew?"' 'And I,' added the gallant Captain, 'will lend you a crew.'

'Well, mind,' said I, 'they must be sailors, not stokers.'

So next morning I was early roused out of my bed. I quickly dressed, ate a hurried breakfast, and went off. We boarded the steamer about two miles outside the Cape; there was a heavy swell, but no wind. I climbed up the rope ladder that was thrown to me, and the sailors pulled up my dogs. As I came on deck Captain Hughes, who knew me well, said, 'So you are the wrecked crew!'

Some relatives happened to be in the steamer, and they and all the passengers were anxious to know how I had got aboard. When, however, I arrived in St. John's my gamebag and the setters soon told the story. For one solid week local papers had flaming headlines: 'Disgraceful Conduct of a Judge: Stopping a Mail Steamer in Mid-ocean.' Some time afterwards I met the general manager of the line, Mr. Robert Allan, in Liverpool. I told him the story, which he highly enjoyed. 'Now, Judge,' said he, 'whenever you meet our steamers on the Atlantic, stop them and get aboard.'

It is always in order for the Press to hammer a judge and abuse a police magistrate. I bore my whipping with patience, and my children enjoyed the fun hugely. There followed a large and very animated correspondence with the Dominion Government, the Board of Trade, Allan Company, &c. I never worried over it or paid one copper. The steamer had not been for one moment

delayed. I told the Canadian Government that with regard to this most nefarious transaction I bore the whole responsibility for both the conception of the wickedness and its execution.

The general idea is now quite exploded that our island is only remarkable for dogs and fogs and fish. As seen from the deck of an Atlantic steamer, the east coast certainly does present a most bleak and forbidding aspect; but within these stern and rock-bound shores lie noble bays, deep land-locked fiords, clothed to the water's edge with greenery. On the west coast the scenery is specially beautiful. S. G. W. Benjamin, the accomplished art critic of the *New York Century*, declares that the most picturesque views in America are to be found in the Bay of Islands. As the traveller descends from Mount Moriah on the railway line, there comes in view the beautiful Humber Arm with its smiling farms; then, as the train winds around the estuary, glimpses of the lovely river are seen through the trees, and one catches, every now and then, views of the high beetling cliffs, decked with verdure to the water's edge.

Beautiful and picturesque, however, as these scenes may be, they cannot for a moment compare with the beauties of the Upper Humber or the valleys of the Codroy River, Sandy Lake Stream, or many another unvisited lake and river of the far interior. That much of Newfoundland is barren no one can deny. The high plains on the south-west coast, the home of the willow grouse, and called by the natives 'Barrens,' have a wild weird beauty all their own, vast level plains alternating with green marshes and undulating hills. There may be no bonny blooming heather, but there is everywhere a wealth and profusion of low shrubs and berry-bearing plants, mosses and ferns, fit concomitants for this truly indigenous wild sport of the West.

The willow grouse, I may say, is a special variety of the noble family of the Tetraonidæ, in structure, egg, call, and habit an exact counterpart of the Scotch bird. The ptarmigan, locally the 'rock partridge,' is like its congener of the high moors of old Scotia, the only difference being that our willow grouse turns white in winter. The birds lie well, and give capital sport over dogs, a good bag for the day being ten or twelve brace. It wants good walking and very straight powder to make up that number. There has been lately too much indiscriminate killing of the birds, and the sport in several places is not as good as it used to be.

In the early colonial days of which I write my naval friends

were appointed justices of the peace for the west coast of Newfoundland, the so-called 'French shore,' during the fishing season. I had to act as a sort of judicial dry-nurse for their naval worships. Their decisions were often as humorous as they were admirable; one delivered judgment in a case of arson (of course a high crime, not triable by magistrates), and gave five pounds damages. The house burnt down was only an old log hut. The gallant captain entertained both litigants generously. They came ashore most gloriously drunk, with their arms around each other's necks, and in perfect love and harmony.

I once said to an old fisherman about these naval justices: 'You will be all right now you have the man-of-war justices coming around to you every summer.' 'Yes,' he said, 'man-of-war justice is a very nice man. You goes aboard to e'n, and tells your story, and he writes e'n all down in a book, and then he axes you if you'd like a bit of refreshment, and he gives you an uncommon good glass of rum. "Now," he says, "my good man, are there any caribou about here?" (meaning the deer, you know), and then he axes you about the salmon-fishing. Then he says, "You come aboard with all your witnesses at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." So next morning off you goes; but man-of-war officer justice, he be gone away up the bay.' My old friends are all now distinguished admirals, and no doubt they will enjoy some of the humorous adventures of their early days.

One keen sporting captain had a most hard-headed Scotch engineer. The ship was an old one, and her engines were certainly not first-rate. It was a regular part of the routine of the Commission, when they came to the region of caribou-shooting, for the chief engineer to come into the cabin with a very long face. 'Very bad brak-down, captain.' 'I am sorry to hear that, MacDonald, but you will soon get them all right again.' 'Nay, nay'—he would shake his head—'it will take a whole fortnight.' So off the commander and his companions would go to the happy hunting-grounds, safe for two weeks' sport. The naval officers accomplished their difficult and delicate mission remarkably well. No finer commanders could be selected for the service than such commodores as Kennedy, Erskine, Curzon-Howe, Fane, &c.; they were all good friends to Newfoundland.

I have tried to tell of some of the humours of the Navy, but they are not to be compared with the doings of the old admiral-governors. Rodney, who was in command in 1740, showed him-

self especially clever. He instructed his officers: 'In all cases of crime committed on the land you must adjudge and determine the same according to the custom of the country and the best of your judgment.'

One story of Admiral-Governor Edwards in 1757 is perhaps the most amusing of all. He wanted to build a new Anglican church. Having collected 400*l.* from 'the well-disposed people,' he found 'that there are certain livers in the place who have not subscribed towards the building. You (the magistrate) are hereby required and directed to cause the men mentioned in the margin (thirty-four resident Catholics and Dissenters) to repair to work, or to find a carpenter and pay him the usual price daily; or else to go to jail.' The Governor did not beat the drum ecclesiastic, or hold a bazaar, or fancy fair, or appeal to any religious feeling; it was the day of the pressgang, so, following the naval practice in vogue, he made prisoners of the 'evil-disposed persons who failed to contribute.' It is needless to add that His Excellency built the church!

Many good stories are told of that eccentric monarch, William IV. He was captain and naval justice in the colony in 1786. The following is one of the records of His Royal Highness's judicial proceedings. 'A riot happened on shore at four o'clock; the magistrate attending to suppress it was insulted. The Prince came ashore with a guard of Marines, arrested the ringleader, ordered him to receive one hundred lashes; he was only able to receive eighty. Next day inquired into the facts of the case. Found they had whipped the wrong man.'

There are no scandals now like the sale of Army commissions or flagrant jobs for Army contractors. The War Office could not at the present time send out a flagstaff for Quebec, or birch brooms at 7*s.* 6*d.* a dozen to Canada, when their price in the colonies was one-tenth of that sum. It was an unalterable rule in the old days that all work for the Army should be done in England. When Government House, St. John's, was built, every stone was dressed and every bit of material sent out from home. In the colony this ugly old barn could have been erected for 12,000*l.*; it cost over 60,000*l.* simply because the War Office kept the job for its own contractor.

When Thackeray drew Rawdon Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, it was no caricature. Such colonial appointments under the same backstairs influence were quite common. When no place

could be found for the idle, the dissipated, and useless, the last resource of the hopeless was a berth in our dependencies. English barristers were sent out as attorney-generals to Crown Colonies: dissipated scamps that made the governor a laughing-stock; the local lawyers trampled on them, and the judges treated them with contempt; they held on to their office, however, and their widows enjoyed fat pensions.

One of these brainless individuals was the only legitimate son of a very distinguished colonial officer. His father had great influence with the Royal Family. The son looked such a fool and so juvenile that his friends advised him to put on false whiskers when he went to thank the Minister for his first appointment as attorney-general. Two years later he was made a judge of the High Court. One of his *obiter dicta* will show his lordship's erudition. A barrister, applying to his lordship to have a plea struck out, quoted the well-known 'Chitty on Pleading.' 'Goodness me,' said the judge, 'what has Mr. Chitty to do with this case, Mr. Jones? He was never in the colony; what can he know about it?'

I should mention that this appointment was made under George III. Since that date able men were sent out as chief justices. One of them, John Gervase Hutchinson Bourne, was an English scholar with high university honours; he was a good lawyer, but had the temper of a fiend. Once, when putting on his gown, the sleeve happened to be inside out, and the old crier was struggling to get it right. 'The devil is in the gown!' exclaimed the chief. 'Not yet, my lord,' said the trembling attendant, who was pulling at the silk.

Tom Norton, who succeeded Bourne, was a handsome, witty Irishman, a great friend of Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn. Colonial appointments in the West Indies and Newfoundland did not suit his gay and social temperament; he soon gave them up. On the Western Circuit the chief tossed him down a note: 'Master in Lunacy dead; will this suit your book, Tom?' Norton replied at once: 'Your servant Tom will accept this crumb that falls from your lordship's table.'

Sir Francis Brady, the next chief, had been one of the Young Ireland party, an able, independent little man, but extremely excitable. Once on circuit he heard a report that an Italian pedlar had been murdered in a northern outpost. When the circuit vessel arrived at the nearest port to the supposed scene of the homicide he sent off the sheriff to arrest the criminal. As

soon as the boat with the officer and police came in sight the little judge cried out in a stentorian voice, 'Mr. Sheriff, have you got the murderer?' 'No, my lord,' said the genial sheriff, who was a *bon vivant* and excellent provider; 'but, thank Heaven,' he bellowed 'I have six brace of partridges.' The murdered Italian was found very much alive, filling all the fishermen's houses with holy images. His nephews are now amongst the most prosperous fish merchants on the south coast.

One of the greatest humorists the colony has produced was the late John H. Boone, who loved to mystify the Bench. An Italian who became dissatisfied with his lucrative position as telegrapher went into trade, gave too much credit, and came to smash. He applied to Boone to be declared insolvent. 'My lord,' said the barrister, 'may it please this honourable court to hear me on behalf of my client, Mr. Tarducci. He comes from sunny Italy, my lord, the land of art, romance, science, and glorious literature—home, my lord, of the illustrious Michael Angelo and the divine Rafaele; birthplace of Tasso, Ariosto, the immortal Dante, and the humorous Boccaccio; the prolific mother of art and science, birthplace of Galvani and the martyr, Galilei Galileo.' After some more in this strain the judge began to get restive. In gruff tones he inquired, 'What has all this to do with the case, sir?' Boone replied, quite solemnly, 'Merely a few preliminary observations, my lord. My client from sunny Italy, home of the painter and the sculptor, begs this honourable court to apply to him the very lowest form of pictorial art. My lord, he prays to be white-washed.'

# TRODD'S CORNER.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

## PART I.

'It will do,' said the elder Miss Guntrip.

'Certainly, if you say so, sister,' replied Miss Susan.

The ladies were standing in the kitchen of a small house known to most of the older inhabitants of Redbridge as Trodd's Corner. It was built on an angle where two roads met, crowning a hill which overlooked Southampton Water and the causeway linking Redbridge to Totton. About it lay a small lawn and garden surrounded by a fine privet hedge. Sitting on the lawn one saw nothing of the cheap, red-brick cottages and villas which covered the rest of the hill. The eye wandered out of the pleasant garden, lingered, maybe, upon the broad shining expanse of Southampton Water, and rested finally on the distant trees and slopes of Hythe and Cadland.

'If we pulled down this partition, we should have a charming sitting-room,' continued Miss Guntrip. 'I presume this is the oldest part of the house?' She turned to a third person, a pale, thin woman, who was eyeing the spinsters with a curious intensity of glance, by which the full orb of a dark irid was revealed, encircled by a thin line of yellowish white. This was Mrs. Stares, the owner of Trodd's Corner and of a cottage at the foot of the hill wherein she lived.

'Yes,' she replied. 'Tis the oldest part. You be welcome to pull down the partition.'

'Why is it called Trodd's Corner?' demanded Miss Susan.

'Because Tom Trodd hung in chains on the gibbet, which I do remember well at the cross roads.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Miss Susan with a suspicious fluttering of the eyelids, which did not escape her sister. 'And who was Tom Trodd? and why was he hanged?'

'He were hanged for the murder of his twin brother,' said Mrs. Stares indifferently.

'Did the Trodds live in this house?' Miss Susan asked nervously.



'No, ma'am. The cottage as 'twas then belonged to my great-aunt, Ann Turlet.'

Miss Guntrip sniffed.

'My dear Susan,' she said, 'these idle tales do not concern us. I repeat—the house will do.'

'The rent is ridiculously small,' murmured Miss Susan, blushing delicately as she met her sister's glance of protest.

The rent was ridiculously low, but only Susan, so Miss Guntrip reflected, Susan, the most guileless of women, would mention that fact in the presence of the owner. Miss Susan continued nervously: 'It is remarkable that a house so desirable should have remained vacant so long. Can you give a reason?'

For an instant a derisive smile flickered about Mrs. Stares's thin lips; then she answered quietly, 'Them as lives there,' she indicated the innumerable red-brick, slate-tiled cottages, 'with water and gas laid on, wouldn't care, maybe, to live here.'

'Quite so,' replied Miss Guntrip. 'The point, which had already occurred to me, is well taken. And everything seems in excellent repair. In short, we shall waste time, Susan, in looking for a better or prettier home. You agree with me?'

Miss Susan hastened to agree. She was a round, comfortable, placid creature, a spinster of gracious curves, obviously intended to have been a matron. Children always clutched at her skirts and her heart. Miss Guntrip, on the other hand, was all lines and angles: a square, flat, bony woman, with keen, dark eyes set deep beneath thick, grizzled brows. Till you knew both ladies intimately it seemed impossible to believe they were sisters; but underlying the dissimilarity of form, feature, character, and temperament, obscured by these, but not entirely concealed, was an unmistakable family likeness, a congruity of principle and prejudice fused by the unbroken intercourse of more years than Miss Susan cared to reckon.

The ladies took Trodd's Corner upon a long lease, and spent a considerable sum of money in repainting and papering the rooms. At the end of a month they moved in, bringing their old-fashioned furniture, a discreet serving-woman, a dog, a cat, some pouter pigeons, and half a dozen prize-winning rabbits.

'Fond o' pets, your ladies?' said the carpenter, George Henbest, to Mrs. Purkiss, the serving-woman. He was putting up some rabbit hutches.

'Most old maids is,' observed Mrs. Purkiss, subtly conveying

the impression that she was a matron. 'But the pets, barring the cat, belong to Miss Susan.'

'You're a married lady, mum?' said Henbest, with a furtive curiosity which provoked a sharp:

'How did you guess that?'

The carpenter made the obvious reply that a lady of Mrs. Purkiss's attractions could not possibly have remained single; then he added in a different tone: 'My missus'll be rare glad. She asked me to find out, most partic'lar, she did.'

Mrs. Purkiss stared. The man's simple words seemed to conceal something.

'Why? she demanded.

'It's just silly gossip, no doubt. I don't believe a word of it. Eh? Well, if I must—and to oblige you, mum—and because you're a married woman——'

'Good gracious! You're not a-going to tell me something which an unmarried woman didn't ought to hear?'

'Certainly not, mum. But if you was single, I'd 'old my tongue. I wish your ladies was married—that I do.'

'Wishing for husbands don't bring 'em,' said Mrs. Purkiss sharply. 'Please go on.'

'The long and short of it is that the people as did live here last couldn't keep a maid. 'Tis said they buzzed in and out agen like wapses.'

'I haven't patience to talk o' maids. Seems to me, nowadays, that's the way they all be'ave, or misbe'ave.'

'Not one on 'em stopped more'n three nights. Some skee-daddled after one.'

'You mean to say Trodd's Corner is haunted. I don't hold with such stuff and nonsense. Never did. And I don't want to hear a word more about it. You'll be saying next it's haunted by Tom Trodd.'

'No,' the carpenter declared. 'Not by Tom Trodd, mum. He do seem to have been a good quiet body since he were hanged.'

'Then whose ghost drove out them silly creatures? Tell me that, and let me go on with my work.'

'I never did hear o' no ghost, so to speak, only——'

'Only what? Let's know the worst and ha' done wi' it.'

'The maids, one and all, spoke o' smells, mum, an' strange noises, an' bad dreams. One of 'em was found in a fit; another

went light-headed. Sensible married folks don't seem to have been worried. Why, Mrs. Stares lived in them rooms which is now the new sitting-room for years and years. She never budged.'

'I should think not indeed,' said Mrs. Purkiss. 'Smells, noises, dreams! I wouldn't demean myself to speak of 'em.'

She returned to her kitchen with a grim expression upon her round florid face. As a matter of fact, wishing for a husband had not brought one to Jane Purkiss.

That evening, after supper, the Misses Guntrip surveyed their new sitting-room with decorous satisfaction. The freshly-calendered chintzes, the pretty papers, the ivory-white paint afforded a delightful background to the old furniture and books and prints. Dead-and-gone Guntrips, whose miniatures hung upon the walls, seemed to smile—so Miss Susan observed—with a jaunty air of rejuvenescence; a vernal delicacy and bloom reflected also upon Miss Susan's serene face.

'Only one thing is wanting,' she said; 'and that comes to-morrow.'

'The child,' exclaimed Miss Guntrip. 'I had forgotten her.'

'Oh, sister! She has been in my thoughts all day long. That is why I put the coffee into the tea-caddy. A house is hardly a home, lacking a child.'

'Um,' said Miss Guntrip. 'Speak up, Susan! Don't beat about the bush with—*me*.'

'It has occurred to me,' said Miss Susan, whose slightly prominent blue eyes were suffused with a soft radiance, 'that little Lucy, being an orphan, and poor dear brother James's granddaughter, has—er—claims on us which an annual visit of three weeks can hardly be said to—er—satisfy.'

'Put that rigmarole into one word—adoption.'

'If you please, sister.'

'But I don't please, Susan, so no more.'

Miss Susan fell into a reverie, sitting with soft white hands idly crossed upon an ample lap. Caroline Guntrip adjusted a mezzotint which hung slightly askew. Still standing she addressed her sister:

'One would hardly believe that once this was a kitchen and a servant's bedroom. We did well to take out those hideous bottle-green panes.'

'Perhaps they were put in to hide the—the gibbet,' said Miss Susan, and again her eyelids fluttered.

'Ah, the gibbet! An unpleasant object in any landscape. Don't mention it to the child. I cannot have my nights disturbed.'

'I'd sooner cut my tongue out, Caroline.'

'At my time of life I ask for and expect peace and quiet. Put that gibbet out of your mind, Susan! The less you think about Tom Trodd, or any other Tomfoolery, the better.'

Miss Susan meekly nodded, sensible that her tongue was under better control than her thoughts. In her mind's eye she could see Tom Trodd, hanging in chains, upon the gibbet which, not so long ago, challenged awful attention from the casements of this very room. . . .

Suddenly, Folly, Miss Susan's Pomeranian, whined.

'Good gracious,' exclaimed Miss Susan, 'what is the matter with Folly?'

The dog was betraying signs of abject fear. With tail between legs, and ears laid back, he was slinking into a corner.

'It may be a tramp,' said Miss Guntrip. 'Folly dislikes tramps—and we are on the high road.'

She walked towards a door which opened into a small, stone-flagged porch through which one passed into the garden. Once probably it had been the front door of the house. A second door close to the chimneypiece gave access to the inner hall and staircase.

'I shall open the casement,' said Miss Guntrip. 'Fie, Folly, for shame, you cowardly little dog!'

Folly whimpered and snarled, showing his teeth.

'It must be a tramp,' said Miss Susan. 'Don't open the window, sister! He might spring in——'

'Pooh, Susan; the shoulders of the smallest man would stick in that opening, and we could hammer him on the head with a poker—at our leisure.'

As she spoke, she opened the casement some three inches and said clearly: 'Who is there? What do you want?' repeating both questions, but no answer was returned.

'I shall look out, Susan.'

'And let him hammer *you* on the head.'

'Pooh!' said Miss Guntrip again. She looked out of the casement, but the night was cloudy and unilluminated by moon or stars.

'I can see nothing,' she declared, 'and nobody. Sit down, Susan, and pray compose yourself! I shall turn your whimpering cur into the passage. There—go along with you! Good gracious!'

Opening the door to let out the dog, Miss Guntrip saw Jane Purkiss, on her knees.

'Stand up, woman,' she said freezingly, 'and then come in and explain yourself.' She turned to her sister. 'It's incredible, but Jane Purkiss has been looking through the keyhole. Now, Jane Purkiss, what have you to say?'

To the surprise of both ladies, Purkiss exhibited neither shame nor confusion.

'I was worried to death, m'm,' she said simply, 'but I didn't want to disturb you with what might be only my foolishness, so—so I looked through the keyhole—just to make sure——'

'Sure of what?'

'Sure that you was alive, m'm.'

'We're alive,' said Miss Guntrip tartly, 'but, on my soul, you look half dead. Susan, give this silly creature a glass of orange-gin cordial.'

Miss Susan brought the cordial, which was gratefully swallowed.

'And now, tell us what has frightened you?'

'Nothing, ma'am.'

'I thought so.'

'I mean—nothing has frightened me—yet, but the neighbours say——'

'Tell us what *they* say, and have done with it.'

'Trodd's Corner is haunted by noises and smells—and dreams!'

'Heaven save us!' exclaimed Miss Susan.

'And the noises and the smells is heard and smelled here, in this room, which used to be two. Nowheres else, ma'am, just *here*. George Henbest is new to the place, but he says that every old woman in Redbridge knows that money wouldn't hire servant maids to work here. One of 'em, 'tis known, was found in a fit—and another went light-headed. All of 'em, so the carpenter says, skeedaddled, if you ladies will excuse the word. Naturally, after you being so good and kind to me, and after living together for nigh on to twenty years, I got to worrying about what might be happening—*here*.'

Each time, when she used the word 'here,' she shuddered, and the shudder was delicately reproduced by the fluttering of Miss Susan's lids.

'We have smelled nothing,' said Miss Guntrip, with stern emphasis. 'You are tired and overwrought, Purkiss. Go to bed at once, and let me hear no more of this rubbish. Stay—take Miss Susan to her room first, and see if she wants anything. I shall retire later. Good-night! Susan, my dear, good-night.'

Susan hesitated, flushed faintly, and obeyed. Jane Purkiss led the way out of the room, shaking her head dolefully. On the threshold, she paused and turned. Then with a defiant accent she spoke the parting word:

'You've been scornful, ma'am, about 'usbands, but they has their uses.'

'The woman is daft,' murmured Miss Guntrip.

'Married folks ain't troubled *here*. If we wer'n't single women—well, I let that carpenter think I was married. But I never in my life wished for an 'usband so bad as I do to-night.'

'Jane Purkiss, you are ridiculous.'

The door closed; Miss Guntrip picked up the volume of travels which she had laid down half an hour before. But she had not read half a dozen lines before she exclaimed: 'Well, I declare!' So speaking, she sniffed deprecatingly. 'It's—rosemary. Those silly geese have infected—*me*. And yet——'

The fragrance was delightful, suffusing itself throughout the room, but at the moment—had she been given a choice—Miss Guntrip would have preferred the smell of onions—a vegetable she detested—to this exquisite odour of rosemary. The bottle of orange-gin cordial stood upon the table. Murmuring to herself: 'Nerves, nerves, beyond a doubt,' she poured out a glassful and swallowed it. Almost immediately, she added: 'I knew it. Nerves, of course. Who smells rosemary now?'

She sat down and began to read. Again she stopped suddenly before a page was turned.

'It is—rosemary.'

A grim expression overspread her square face, as she laid a couple of bony fingers upon her wrist.

'My pulse is steady,' she was speaking aloud, in the tone, as Miss Susan observed, which silenced folly and condemned it. 'My pulse beats firmly, slowly, and regularly. I never felt better

in my life, but a dose of valerian to-night *may* be expedient. It is possible that I am overtired. I shall go to bed.'

She examined the fastenings of windows and door and—turned out the lamp.

'Ha!'

Over the chimneypiece, which faced the door leading into the porch, was a long, low mirror in a tarnished gilt frame. Upon each side of this candles burned in a pair of silver candlesticks presented by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester Cathedral to Miss Guntrip's father, Canon Guntrip, on his marriage. Only the best wax candles were placed in these fine ornaments. At this moment the candles were flickering, guttering, and generally misbehaving themselves like plebeian tallow dips, notwithstanding the fact that the doors and windows of the room were tightly shut.

'This is very strange indeed,' said Miss Guntrip.

As she spoke a cold gust of wind, wet and salt, seemed to strike her cheek. She was sensible that in another instant the candles would be extinguished, that she would be left in darkness. Obeying some instinct, she ran to the passage door and opened it. On the landing above, a lamp burned quietly and brightly. Miss Guntrip returned, hastily blew out the candles, closed the door, locked it behind her, and went upstairs. . . .

Next morning, she awoke to laugh at what had passed the night before. She and her sister had slept soundly, undisturbed by dream or nightmare. Jane Purkiss presented a round rosy countenance. But when the three women met at family prayers, each was sensible that something should be said. As usual Miss Guntrip said it.

'We were overtired last night,' she observed, with an inflection of finality. The 'we' fell on grateful ears.

'I said those same words to Jane Purkiss, when she called me this morning,' declared Miss Susan.

'And I took the liberty of adding, ma'am, that a move was upsetting.'

'Just so,' replied Miss Guntrip, adjusting her glasses, and opening her Bible.

After breakfast, the ladies dusted the sitting-room, which looked charming in the sunlight. Miss Susan approached the chimneypiece.



'Dear me,' she said ruefully; 'these candles, sister, have guttered sadly.'

'Um,' replied Miss Guntrip gruffly. 'So they have, Susan. I've known candles gutter before, and I dare say they'll do it again.'

Miss Susan nodded, continuing to dust in a silence unusual to her. Presently, she unlocked the outer door, and went out. The elder sister watched her. Miss Susan seemed to be crawling up the path which led from the porch to the gate. She came back with heightened colour.

'I thought there might be footprints,' she murmured timidly. 'The tramp, you know——'

'There was no tramp, Susan.'

'Evidently not, Caroline. As Jane Purkiss remarked, a move *is* upsetting.'

'We shan't be moving again, Susan.'

'I trust not, sister.'

From that moment Miss Susan's thoughts were fully occupied with the advent of the child, the child which might have been hers, the child upon whose small person were lavished the tenderness, the solicitude, the love which throughout long years had been denied expression. Lucy, alone of mortals, was allowed to rummage in Miss Susan's wardrobe; Lucy wore with impunity Miss Susan's best bonnet; Lucy ran amok through Jane Purkiss's kitchen.

She arrived about tea-time, full of prattle but empty of food. A substantial meal was spread, and, seated between her aunts—with Jane Purkiss hovering in the background—her small Majesty held a court. After tea, Jane Purkiss brought a small square box, covered with brown paper and pierced with many holes.

'What may this be?' said Miss Guntrip.

'It's my present for Aunt Susie,' said Lucy. 'It's not mice,' she added hastily. 'I know you're afraid of mice, Aunt Susie.'

Miss Guntrip looked derisive. She had been heard to say that she feared nothing smaller than a bull.

'I thought of a white rat,' continued Lucy, 'but rats are mice grown up—ar'n't they? And a guinea-pig is so stupid, and Aunt Caroline hates stupid people. So—I got a bird, a canary. He's a darling, and when you call him "Dick" he bows like a perfect gentleman.'

With fingers quivering with excitement, the child stripped the brown paper from the cage and triumphantly exhibited Dick, who bowed at once with captivating courtesy and grace. Miss Susan accepted the present with a radiant smile.

'Dick has flown straight into my heart,' she said. 'Let me kiss the dear little head which conceived of so happy a gift.' She hid her soft blue eyes in the mass of Lucy's curls. Miss Guntrip looked aside. Long ago, a wild hawk of the name of Richard had flown into and out of Miss Susan's heart and over seas. He had never come back.

Lucy insisted that Dick must hang in the sitting-room above her aunt's davenport, and thither he was taken, as the tea things were cleared away. After this, the new domain was inspected, and the child's small trunk unpacked. She always shared Miss Susan's room.

So the hours passed, swiftly and pleasantly, till it was time to put the child to bed. Miss Susan undressed and bathed her, drying her with warmed towels and putting on a dainty nightdress, whose fairy frills and furbelows she had fashioned herself. Lucy had just finished saying her prayers, when Jane Purkiss opened the door, and asked if she were wanted to sit with the child, while the sisters ate their supper.

'Nobody sits with me now,' said Lucy. 'I'm not a bit afraid of the dark; I don't mind it any more than you do, Aunt Caroline.'

'I shall sit with her after supper,' said Miss Susan. 'The house is strange for the first evening, sister.'

'I have letters to write,' replied Miss Guntrip, after a pause. 'You will oblige me, Susan, by sitting with the child. Don't give her jujubes *after* she has brushed her teeth.'

'As if I should,' said Miss Susan.

Accordingly, after supper, Miss Susan ascended the stairs, leaving her sister in the passage. That sundry qualms of conscience assailed her may be inferred from her remark: 'If you should need me, sister, I shall be within call.'

'It is not likely that I shall need you,' replied Miss Guntrip, with her fingers encircling the handle of the sitting-room door.

Entering the room, a moment later, she noticed the canary asleep upon his perch. She covered the cage with a shawl, pinning it together with a safety-pin taken from the bosom of her dress. Then she murmured: 'Susan, poor creature, is very nervous.' She

glanced about her. The candles burned steadily; there was no odour save the faint perfume emanating from a great bowl of pot-pourri; the only sound came from the pretty white china clock upon the chimneypiece.

Miss Guntrip was about to sit down when she remembered her cat. She opened the door and called quietly: 'Thompson.' Jane Purkiss answered: 'If you please, m'm, Thompson has taken a notion to bide with me. When you come out o' the dining-room, he marched in 'ere. Shall I disturb him, m'm?'

'No,' said Miss Guntrip.

She went back to the sitting-room, with a slight frown wrinkling her high smooth forehead. Thompson had never been a kitchen cat. Folly, the Pomeranian, was upstairs with his mistress.

During the next half hour she wrote two letters. She was sealing these when she noticed a feeling of oppression in the atmosphere. 'It is certainly very close to-night,' she told herself. She began a third letter, but paused on completing the second paragraph.

'It is positively hot,' she murmured, laying down her quill. 'The place smells and feels like an overheated conservatory. Bless my soul! It is—rosemary!'

She put her hand to her head in a gesture which indicated perplexity. A curious silence seemed to encompass her. She set her teeth in a strenuous effort to preserve self-control; a slight moisture formed upon her skin.

'This is arrant cowardice,' she muttered.

An impulse drove her to the porch door, which she unbarred and opened. Outside, the air was deliciously cool and fresh; the skies were clear; the moon was rising to the left. Miss Guntrip paced slowly up and down the gravel path. The thought came to her that she was growing old and feeble. There might be some lesion of the brain, the inevitable weakening of strong tissues, a tiny clot forming . . .

Resolutely she confronted the possibility of premature decay and death. Till now, these had been seen indeed, but only as a faint blur upon an otherwise clear horizon. She told herself, with a humility alien to her daily meditations, that a sign had been vouchsafed her, because the tittle-tattle of a neighbour, the flutterings of a weaker sister, the vulgar superstition of a servant, had combined to harass and frighten her. Only yesterday she would have scoffed at such a possibility. Now, the fact almost

strangled her, she was quaking with a horror the more invincible because amorphous and inarticulate.

'My will shall prevail over my wretched body,' she said defiantly.

She entered the house, and rebarred the door.

Upstairs, Miss Susan was fondly gazing at the sleeping child, weaving sweet garlands to crown her future. Who shall say that such flowers do not really bloom and blow, the more lovely, the more fragrant, because unseen here? Somewhere surely there is an enchanted garden in which these immortelles find an abiding place.

Presently, as was natural, Miss Susan's thoughts wandered out of the sunshine which shone so bravely upon little Lucy into the shadows wherein she and her sister stood, and must stand till the end. She sighed, and a tear fell upon Lucy's lavender-scented sheets. The poor lady was reflecting that too soon alas! this pretty joyous creature would pass out of her life, and then—what would be left?

She told herself that she was dependent upon Caroline, but Caroline would not miss her. Caroline had often said that she (Susan) was too sentimental, too soft. Susan had not retorted—as with reason she might have done—that her sister was too hard, and daily growing harder. Would anything soften her—now?

Afterwards, she was unable to determine how much time had passed in these meditations. But suddenly she lifted her head, listening intently, holding her breath, for she thought that she had heard her own name spoken by Caroline—nay, whispered in a tone purged of command, sublimated by infirmity and fear: the low piteous invocation.

Miss Susan did not move, for the cry was not repeated. Doubtless, her fancy—which Caroline condemned as so absurdly, childishly exuberant—had beguiled her. Under no conceivable circumstances would Caroline thus invoke her. If she went downstairs a derisive smile, a scornful laugh, possibly a biting jest, most certainly awaited her.

And yet—and yet, conviction stole upon her that she was wanted in that room with its uncanny traditions. Lucy slumbered soundly, unlikely to wake before dawn. Jane Purkiss had gone to bed. Ah! Jane Purkiss, who had peeped through the keyhole. The thought presented itself, Why not slip down-

stairs and listen in the passage for the scrape of Caroline's quill? If she heard that familiar sound, she could return discreetly.

Very quietly she descended the stairs. Below all was still with the stillness of midnight: a stillness, to persons of imagination, which never seems quite natural or familiar. Miss Susan glanced about her, staring fearfully at every shadow. She was trembling when she reached the door of the sitting-room.

Bending her head until it touched the oak panel, she listened for the scrape of the quill. *Silence!* If Caroline were reading, the rustle of the turned page would soon break this intolerable silence. If she dozed, her breathing—for Miss Guntrip had a slight asthma—would justify entrance and remonstrance.

A minute crawled away—two—three—five! And still silence. A sharp pain advised Miss Susan that she was digging her nails into her palms; her lower lip was bleeding where the teeth had lacerated it. She turned to fly from this hideous, unhallowed silence. And then the same spirit which burned so strongly and brightly in Caroline flickered in her. She swore that she would enter the room if she died as she passed the threshold.

She grasped the brass handle of the door, turned it and pushed. The door yielded slightly, enough to satisfy Miss Susan that it was not locked, but it yielded no more than a bare half inch. . . .

Nothing that had gone before so impressed Miss Susan as this opposition on the part of an unseen power behind the door. She used a violence of which she had deemed her muscles incapable. The door yielded another half inch, no more. But in the crack between the door and the door-case she perceived no light whatever. The room held a darkness even more terrifying than its silence.

## PART II.

POOR Miss Susan fled upstairs to Jane Purkiss, and fell upon the slumbering body of that ancient handmaiden in a frenzy of panic, tempered, be it said, by the subconscious determination that little Lucy must not be awakened. Jane Purkiss sat up in bed.

'Come downstairs with me,' commanded Miss Susan. 'Not a word please.'

'Lor, Miss Susan, you're all of a tremble.'

'I'm afraid that something has happened to my sister.'

Now that Jane Purkiss was with her, Miss Susan felt more equal to a stupendous emergency. The two women lit candles and went downstairs.

'She must ha' fallen agen the door,' said Jane Purkiss when she learnt the facts.

This simple explanation had not occurred to Miss Susan, but she said rather tartly: 'What else is likely? Now, Jane, together—push!'

The women pushed vigorously, and inch by inch the door yielded.

Upon the carpet, in a huddled heap, indescribably limp, lay the senseless body of Miss Guntrip. With difficulty she was pulled into the passage; and here, on application of brandy and sal volatile, recovered consciousness, and after a few minutes was able to ascend the stairs. Miss Susan assisted her to undress, while Jane Purkiss slipped away to see if the child had been awakened. As soon as the sisters were alone, Miss Guntrip said grimly:

'I must have had a sort of seizure. I felt it coming on. There may be some slight cardiac weakness.'

'You will consult a physician to-morrow, sister?'

'Perhaps, Susan—we will see how I feel in the morning. I confess to being—shaken. I may have bruised myself in falling.'

'You have n-n-nothing m-m-more to s-say,' stammered Miss Susan, with her pale, slightly prominent eyes entreating a fuller confidence.

'Nothing,' said Miss Guntrip. 'I trust the child was not disturbed, and I regret the trouble and—er—fright which I must have occasioned you. Good-night.'

Feeling herself to be dismissed, Miss Susan retired to her own room, where Jane Purkiss was awaiting her. Jane's large, too florid face glared interrogation.

'Miss Guntrip has n-n-nothing to say, Jane. She thinks that her—er—indisposition was due to weakness of the heart.'

'I don't believe in the weakness of her heart, nor her head neither,' said Jane.

'You forget yourself, Jane,' said Miss Susan sharply.

'I'm not one to give my opinion unasked,' retorted Jane Purkiss, 'but I will say once and once for all that this house, leastwise that room downstairs, ain't fit for Christian single

women to dwell in. Miss Guntrip says I've no common sense. Maybe not. But I've common senses. I can hear an' smell, as well as any woman o' my age. When we went into that catty-comb I smelled rosemary. What did you smell, Miss Susan ?'

'The fact can be accounted for without doubt,' faltered Miss Susan, 'but like you, Jane, I did certainly perceive an odour of rosemary.'

Next morning, as she was washing up after breakfast, Jane Purkiss saw the carpenter, who carried his tools and said that a small job still remained to be done.

'Then why ain't you a-doing it ?' Jane demanded, with unreasonable asperity.

'I thought it was neighbourly to ask how you was getting along,' he replied genially; 'and I've found out something of interest sence the day before yesterday.'

'Oh,' said Jane, in kinder accent, for the carpenter had jerked his thumb in the direction of the sitting-room.

'All well, ma'am, I hopes ?'

'Your hopes is doomed to disappointment. We ain't well, any of us—far from it—Miss Guntrip's in bed and the doctor sent for; Miss Susan and me's that flustered that we ought to be in bed; and little Miss Lucy's cryin' her pretty eyes out. Now—are you satisfied ?'

'You needn't look at me as if I was the old Harry,' said the carpenter in an injured voice. 'Might I ask for particulars ?'

'Miss Guntrip 'ad a sort of fit last night. It paralysed her body first, and now it seems to have paralysed 'er tongue. And if that isn't bad enough, Dick's dead.'

'Dear, dear,' said the carpenter, mournfully. 'Dick's dead—is he ? You'll excuse my mentioning that I'm in the undertaking business likewise. Was Dick a relation o' the fam'ly, Mrs. Purkiss ?'

'He was the canary bird. Found dead in 'is cage this morn'ing. The pore thing had beaten hisself to death against the bars. Thompson was accused, but he proved a halibi. Thompson spent the night with—me.'

'Thompson—— ?'

'The cat, of course. That bird died o' fright, nothing else. And it's my notion that Miss Guntrip would ha' died too, if she wer'n't made out o' ramrods and alligator skin. As for me, well, my hours is numbered if we stay much longer in this evil place. Now—what have you found out ?'



'It ain't much, ma'am, but it's something. There's one woman in Redbridge who do know the true story o' Trodd's Corner——'

'And she won't tell it, I'll wager. Who is it?'

'The woman as owns this house—Mrs. Stares. Her great-aunt, a crazy old maid, was mixed up some way with the Trodds. That's all I know. It ain't worth much.'

'It's worth a glass of beer,' Mrs. Purkiss said gravely. 'If you'll sit down a minute, I'll draw it for you.'

Later, she told Miss Susan what the carpenter had said. And Miss Susan promised to mention the matter to her sister.

The doctor paid his visit at noon. He pronounced Miss Guntrip to be sound as a fine winter pippin, and refused to prescribe, attributing the fainting fit to a too generous flow of blood to the head. 'Your sister,' said he to Miss Susan, 'after eating must rest her body and brain, both of which I take to be unusually active.' With that he went his way.

During the afternoon, Miss Guntrip, despite her sister's protest, left her bed, but not her room. She refused to speak of her seizure, although she expressed a belated regret at poor Dick's untimely decease.

'It is certain the bird died of fright,' Miss Susan faltered. 'I—you will pardon me, sister—but really—under the circumstances—don't you think that we had better leave Trodd's Corner?'

'No,' said Miss Guntrip. 'You can go, if you please, and pray take with you that idiot Jane Purkiss. I shall remain.'

'We might lock up, or—or brick up the sitting-room. It is, I am sure, unhallowed——'

'Rubbish!'

'There is a story—Mrs. Stares knows it.' Miss Susan gave the carpenter's authority. 'If you would see her, or—or allow me to see her——'

'And make ourselves the laughing-stock of the town? I forbid you, positively, to visit that woman. A story! Of course there is a story. A crazy old maid lived and died, I dare say, in our sitting-room. What of it? I may die in that sitting-room. You may die there——'

'I shall do nothing of the sort,' said Miss Susan, driven to the wall, 'because, because I shall not enter it again, that is, not after dark.'

'You may die there in the broad light of day. Pull yourself together, Susan, and try to remember that you are a Guntrip!'

'I feel like a jelly-fish,' said poor Miss Susan.

She retired, discomfited, to take little Lucy for a walk. Miss Guntrip waited till the pair were out of sight; then she descended the stairs and went into the sitting-room. It presented an untidy, almost neglected appearance, but the cage containing the battered remains of the canary had been taken away. Miss Guntrip fetched a besom, swept the carpet, dusted the furniture, and opened the windows. Then she went to her desk, and unlocked a diary. Till this moment, every movement had been distinguished by a certain precision and dignity. Now she hesitated, eyeing the familiar diary with furtive scrutiny, as if for the first time she distrusted that faithful confidante. Soon, however, she regained her habitual composure.

'I shall write it down,' she muttered. 'It will serve as a monument of my weakness and imbecility.'

For ten minutes she wrote steadily. Then she dried her quill, locked the diary, and strolled out upon the lawn to enjoy the breeze which blew fresh from the Solent. Here she remained walking or sitting till Miss Susan returned and tea was served. Little Lucy helped to carry out the cups and saucers, and, as soon as the sisters were alone, Miss Guntrip said austere: 'I beg your pardon, Susan. I spoke rudely this afternoon. I am not so strong that I can presume to condemn the weakness of others. If you prefer it, we will pass the evening in my chamber, or in the dining-room.'

'Oh, sister!' exclaimed Miss Susan.

'Shush-h-h! The child must not suspect that anything is amiss.'

'She has quite recovered her spirits, God bless her!'

Early that night all and sundry—including Thompson—moved upstairs. No incident marred an evening unexpectedly pleasant to Miss Susan and little Lucy. For, to their joint amazement, and possibly to her own, Miss Guntrip chose to lay aside a habit of years, her post-prandial reading, and to join in a game of Dumbcrambo, wherein she displayed a fertility of resource which provoked peals of laughter, and a power of facial expression hitherto unsuspected. When the game was over the child kissed Miss Guntrip ardently. 'You have given me a splendid time, Aunt Caroline. Perhaps you would like to undress me and bath me. Aunt Susie wouldn't mind for once, would you, Aunt Susie?'

'You mustn't bother your aunt, my precious,' said Miss Susan, deprecatingly.

Miss Guntrip, however, smiled grimly and began to unhook the child's frock. Lucy was undressed and bathed by her amid much merriment, for, if the truth be told, Miss Guntrip proved a somewhat clumsy and inexperienced nurse. Finally, the child was popped into bed and kissed.

'You promised to leave me alone to-night—didn't you, Aunt Susie. Of course, you and Aunt Caroline being sisters must have such a lot to talk about.'

Miss Susan's delicate cheek flushed, as her sister signed to her to do as the child asked. They passed together through the door into Miss Guntrip's chamber.

'The child has—fascination,' said Miss Guntrip.

'Ye—es, sister.'

For once Miss Susan denied herself the pleasure of praising her darling. Doubtless she would have capped her sister's substantive, had she not been engrossed with the expression upon Miss Guntrip's face.

'I shall reconsider the question of adopting her. It would be, I plainly see, a great pleasure to you, and it might, it might, I confess, prove a pleasure to me. We will discuss the subject more fully to-morrow.'

Miss Susan betrayed agitation and confusion.

'I've changed my mind,' she said. 'I don't think it would be—er—expedient.'

Miss Guntrip stared hard at her sister, reading her horror of Trodd's Corner.

'It is a matter for consideration, Susan. I do not feel in the humour to read. Shall we play piquet? Or would you prefer to talk?'

'I play cards so badly,' said Miss Susan.

The sisters fell into talk, chill and desultory at first, warming into coherence and interest as the minutes passed. The child seemed to have unlocked a heart long closed, and entering in had brought an atmosphere, an air, which gave life and youth to tissues almost atrophied from disuse. Miss Guntrip recalled to her sister incidents of their childhood with a breadth and depth of detail quite unachievable by Miss Susan. The silent, reserved woman became almost garrulous. It struck Miss Susan, who had intuitions, that her sister might be talking because she was unwilling

to think, that this pleasant excursion into the past had been taken in lieu of a journey, not so agreeable, into the future. At any rate Miss Susan, for her part, was glad enough to listen, sensible that barriers were being overthrown.

'Good gracious! It's past one,' said Miss Guntrip. 'My dear Susan, I have kept you out of bed for three hours.'

The sisters parted, but almost immediately Miss Susan came running back, her placid face twisted and ghastly.

'The child,' she gasped. 'O my God—the child!'

Her white quivering lips refused their office. Miss Guntrip rushed past her, and into the room, which still smelled sweetly of violet soap. At the foot of the child's cot, she stopped suddenly. The cot was empty. Then her wits returned to her.

'The little baggage has crept into Jane Purkiss' bed.'

Together the ladies crossed the passage to Jane's room. Jane, however, mindful of a rude awakening the night before, had taken the precaution to bolt her door. When at length she opened it, the light from the lamp in the passage showed the sisters that Lucy must be looked for elsewhere. Jane had not seen the child since supper.

'She must be downstairs,' faltered Miss Susan.

'Not in that room, not in that room,' wailed Jane.

'Come,' said Miss Guntrip.

A stranger would have seen that of the three women she was the most distressed, although all commonplace expression of feeling was obscured by a face rigid and impassive as a death mask.

They went downstairs and looked through the dining-room, the kitchen, and the offices.

'She's in that there cattycomb—I knew it,' moaned Jane Purkiss.

Miss Guntrip was the first to enter the sitting-room. She and her sister carried candles. Poor Jane had enough to do to carry herself and her fears.

'There she lies—cold and dead, the pore murdered darling!'

'The child is asleep,' said Miss Guntrip.

'She may wake—light-headed.'

'Hold your tongue, you fool!' said Miss Guntrip savagely.

Little Lucy lay upon the fleecy hearthrug, fast asleep. The three women gazed down upon her slender figure clad in the pretty nightdress which Miss Susan's kind hands had made.

'Thank God,' said Miss Guntrip solemnly. Then she bent

down, lifted her, carried her upstairs, and laid her in the cot, still sleeping. With her bony finger upon her lips, Miss Guntrip led the way into her own chamber, before she spoke.

'The child must not know where she has been.'

It is impossible to convey the intensity with which these simple and obvious words were uttered. Miss Guntrip continued in the same tone: 'If she has a story to tell when she wakes, Susan, let me hear it! Whatever it may be—whatever—it—may—be—the child must be assured by us that it was a dream—a dream.'

'Sister, you are overwrought,' said Miss Susan.

'The child was asleep,' murmured Miss Guntrip, passing her hand across her eyes in a feeble and quavering gesture of perplexity. 'Jane Purkiss, how dare you stare at me! Go back to your room! Stay! I called you a fool just now. I beg your pardon.'

'I am a fool,' said Jane, bursting into tears. 'I've worked for you ladies twenty years, and I'll never find a better place, but I want to give notice to-night. I'm going to pay a month's wages and leave your service to-morrow morning.'

She ran out of the room, sobbing hysterically.

The ladies looked at each other. Miss Susan was shaking; Miss Guntrip was very pale. The elder spoke first, laying her bony hand upon her sister's arm.

'My dear Susan. We are the victims of—of——'

'Yes, sister, the unhappy victims of——'

'Coincidence,' said Miss Guntrip, compressing her lips; 'coincidence—nothing more. You understand me, Susan? I say nothing more. The child walks in her sleep.'

Miss Susan nodded, but a curious light suffused her eyes, because, quite unconsciously, her sister Caroline was clutching her arm, clinging to it. It became a moment never to be forgotten, this appeal of the strong to the weak.

'I shall undress and lie down,' she said. 'Would it be asking too much, would you think me very silly if I asked you to lie down beside me?'

'Another coincidence, Susan! I was about to suggest that myself.'

Lucy woke early, and sat up in her cot, rubbing her eyes. Then she glanced about her, noting that her aunts were sleeping together. Or, rather, Miss Susan was sleeping. Miss Guntrip lay on her back, wide-awake, staring at the ceiling. Lucy coughed

discreetly, and at once Miss Guntrip got out of bed and took the child into her arms.

'You are quite well, my dear?' she said.

'Quite well, thank you,' Lucy replied, puzzled by the worn looks and quavering voice.

Miss Guntrip kissed her—so Lucy said afterwards—harder than she had ever been kissed before; and just then Miss Susan woke up and joined them.

'The child is well, Caroline?' she said.

'She is quite well.'

'But I'm always well,' said Lucy, opening her eyes wider than usual. For a moment her brow puckered; then she exclaimed: 'Oh, I've had such an awful dream, Aunt Susie. Shall I tell you about it?'

'Yes,' said Miss Guntrip.

'It's the realest dream I ever had. Why, when I woke up I never expected to find myself here at all, but in—in the sitting-room. I dreamed that I went down there to fetch Lady Betty, my dollie, who always sleeps with me. When we found poor Dick dead, I put Lady Betty under one of the sofa cushions, and I forgot all about her. Well, I woke up last night, and I heard you and Aunt Susie talking in the next room. That shows it was a dream—doesn't it, because, of course, you were both in bed here, really?'

'Quite so,' said Miss Guntrip.

'And then I remembered Lady Betty, and how uncomfortable she must be under the sofa cushion. So I slipped downstairs, and went ever so quietly into the sitting-room. And there was such a nice smell in it——'

'You are shaking with cold, sister,' said Miss Susan. 'Shall we take the child into my bed, and let her tell her dream there?'

Miss Guntrip assented. For the next ten minutes nothing was heard but a soft childish treble, now rising, now falling, with quaint inflections and intonations. When she had finished, neither sister spoke. Lucy waited an instant, then she said: 'Wasn't that a dreadful dream? and you know it's the only dream I ever remembered right through from beginning to end. And I don't believe I shall ever forget it. But I might. If you would write it down——'

'It *is* written down,' said Miss Guntrip. 'I mean,' she hastened to add, 'that it is written down in our memories, my

dear. You told your dream very well and clearly. Were you frightened ?'

Lucy considered the question.

'I was too excited to be frightened,' she said simply. 'But it was lovely to wake up and find myself here.'

When Jane Purkiss learned that the child was not light-headed, her resolution to leave Trodd's Corner wavered. Miss Susan, indeed (who brought the good news to her faithful servant), said a word in season.

'We have been over-credulous and hysterical, Jane ; and our folly has proved contagious. Even Miss Guntrip's strong nerves have been weakened. After all, what evidence have we that—that the *room* is—is other than it appears to be ? The odour of rosemary is nothing. Many old rooms have curious smells about them, some far from agreeable. My sister's slight indisposition might happen to any woman of her age. The bird was undoubtedly frightened to death by a cat. I cannot hold Thompson quite blameless. While we were engaged with Miss Guntrip Thompson may have been tempted by opportunity to dispose of a rival. But the child has laid the ghost. She wandered into that room—and fell asleep. This morning she is in perfect health.'

'But her nightmare, Miss Susan ?'

'She ate one nectarine and two greengages before retiring. I ought not to have allowed it. Stone fruit is—unseasonable at bedtime.'

'I won't go to-day,' said Jane Purkiss. 'And we'll see what happens to-night. It don't seem to have struck you, Miss Susan, that the powers of evil may be permitted to play battledore and shuttlecock with miserable sinners, when an innocent lamb like Miss Lucy can wander amongst 'em unharmed. That's all, Miss.'

'I shall dust the sitting-room myself this morning,' Miss Susan replied.

On entering it a few minutes later, she found her sister at her desk. Miss Guntrip rose and closed the door. Then she gave her sister the diary.

'You remember the child's dream, Susan ?'

'Perfectly. It was a nightmare. Stone fruit——'

'Read this,' said Miss Guntrip nervously. 'I wrote it down yesterday afternoon.'

Miss Susan took the book and sat down. Her sister watched her as she read what was written in it. Presently, Miss Susan



gasped. Her pink face grew very pale, her pretty plump hands trembled.

'Oh, oh,' she exclaimed. 'Can such things be?'

'Such things have been,' said Miss Guntrip, 'and it is conceivable that the record of them remains in a world where we are assured that nothing is lost. Read on, Susan.'

Miss Susan read on till the end. Then she said: 'You saw what the child saw.'

'Yes,' replied Miss Guntrip with a shudder, 'I saw a scene which I cannot doubt really took place. If you will put on your bonnet, Susan, we will do what you suggested yesterday: pay a visit to Mrs. Stares. She will be at home at this hour.'

A few minutes later the ladies were descending the hill.

Mrs. Stares received them without displaying surprise or curiosity. Possibly—as Miss Susan observed afterwards—she expected such a visit.

'We have come here,' said Miss Guntrip austere, 'to ask for information which I trust you will not withhold. We are discreet, and we have a strong antipathy to gossip. Anything you may choose to tell us will be regarded as confidential. What is the true story of Trodd's Corner?'

Mrs. Stares closed her lips.

'Be honest with us,' said Miss Guntrip, 'for we have been honest with you.'

Mrs. Stares glanced furtively at Miss Guntrip and then looked down. It seemed to Miss Susan that a conflict of wills was about to take place. And if this were the case, she could not doubt that her sister's would prevail. And so it proved. Mrs. Stares fetched a couple of chairs, made sure that no eavesdroppers were about, and began to speak in a queer, muffled voice.

'Trodd's Corner came to me through my great-aunt, Ann Turlet, whom I never saw, but when I was a little girl I did hear my granfer say that his sister Ann was the prettiest and proudest maid in Redbridge. Her father was a stonemason; Ann got her living, and her mother afore her, by distilling rosemary water.'

'Rosemary,' repeated Miss Susan.

'You smelled rosemary—did you? Me, too, many and many's the time! If it had been nothing more than that. Well, seemin'ly, Aunt Ann Turlet was much courted, being so handsome, and having, 'twas said, something more than a fine leg in

her stocking. There were fishermen here in them days, and the lads all wanted to marry Ann. Amongst these were the Trodds, who lived where the station now is, John and Tom Trodd, twins, like as peas, and partners in a big yawl, which carried more than fish——'

Miss Susan raised her fine brows.

'Brandy,' said Miss Guntrip.

'Yes, ma'am. There was a lot o' smuggling in them days. Why, every cart in the New Forest had a false bottom to it, and every cottage some hiding-place or other, some o' them that cunningly concealed that the excise officers never could find 'em. And the deer-stealing that went on too—they was lawless folks, to be sure——'

She paused, moistening her lips with her tongue; her eyes showed the thin circle of yellow-white around the dark irid.

'It seems that John and Tom went mad for love of Ann. They were often at the cottage—it had no name then—because old Ephraim Turlet, Aunt Ann's father, bought their brandy. No one ever did find out where he kept it, not while he lived—nor after. Well, Aunt Ann had a crool hard heart. She took delight in making strife between them as loved her. There's many a woman made like that. The love, if you call it love, which men feel for 'em, breeds hate, an' so 'twas with the Trodds. Aunt Ann Turlet, my granfer told me, got terr'ble miffed because John and Tom remained friends and brothers. And all the time she were secretly promised to another young feller, a publican in Romsey. She told him that if he let on the truth, he should never have her. You see, ma'am, Aunt Ann had no mind to lose her string o' lads. Oh, she were a rare hard 'un! Finally, she got her way with Tom an' his twin. Each believed that t'other stood in his path. And so one night Tom murdered John——'

'How?' said Miss Guntrip sharply.

'I'll speak o' that later, if you please, ma'am. John disappeared, and Tom said he was drowned—washed overboard. And then, soon after, Tom asked Aunt Ann to marry him. Aunt laughed at 'un, told 'un she cared never a farden for either him or John, and that she were not a-going to change a good old name like Turlet for such an outlandish one as Trodd. And then, Tom he told her what he'd done. . . .'

Mrs. Stares paused, licking her feverish lips. Miss Guntrip burst into vehement speech.

'The murder took place at night: a dark cold foggy night. The brothers were drawing a net for mullet. John knelt in the bows of the boat, hauling in the seine. A strong tide was running and the crests of the waves gleamed white out of the mirk. Tom, knowing his brother could not swim, pushed him overboard. John came up and laid hold of the gunwale. And then, then,' the speaker's voice grew harsh and shrill with horror, 'Tom struck him on the head with an oar, and John sank. Tom could see his white face sinking slowly out of sight, drifting away with the tide, and even as it disappeared the lips seemed to part in a hideous derisive grin, as if the dead man knew that the murder had been done in vain. . . .'

'Who told you that?' said Mrs. Stares.

'I saw it the night before last, in that room, and a child saw it again last night. I was standing up at the time, so was the child, and suddenly I felt the floor move and heave. The candles burning on the chimneypiece were blown out as by a gust of wind, and I could hear wind, and feel salt spray upon my face. I knew that I was afloat on troubled waters. And then I saw clearly what I have just told you.'

'And that,' said Mrs. Stares, 'was what Tom Trodd he told to Aunt Ann Turlet, and to judge and jury at Winchester Assize. They hanged him in chains upon the gibbet which stood at the cross roads.'

'And Ann——'

'Not a man would have anything to do with her. Old Ephraim died. But Aunt Ann lived—Aunt Ann lived on and on in them rooms. Nobody went nigh her. Her looks, so 'twas said, were enough to scare the dead, let alone the quick. . . .'

'Is that all?' Miss Guntrip asked.

The woman hesitated.

'I wish it were,' she whispered. 'I ain't told the worst. I never has been able to tell it. I lived there myself for more'n ten year, but I did have to go. I were accustomed like to the queer noises an' dreams an' smells, but the other thing were seemin'ly too much for me.'

'What other thing?'

'Aunt Ann Turlet, she never die.'

'Oh!' said Miss Susan.

'We be comin' now to the part o' the story that I remember. I were livin' twenty mile away and had just married Abel Stares

when the news came that Aunt Ann Turlet had disappeared. The neighbours said she was drowned. They burst open the door. She warn't there—leastwise she warn't to be seen, and she never have been seen from that day to this; but she be there, she be there,' the woman repeated in a whisper, 'and I know it. She were doomed to stay there, for ever and ever, a-lookin' on to the gibbet where Tom Trodd's skeleton hung in chains a-seeing that dreadful wicked murder. Abel and I moved into the cottage, and Abel he built on the present house; that be more than forty year ago; and we did live there together for ten years in the new part. Then Abel died and I opened them old rooms, for I did have to support myself by taking lodgers. I used 'em for kitchen and bedroom, occupying both myself. The very first night I smelled rosemary and dreamed that awful dream, but then, mind ye, I knew the story, and I did suppose 'twas working on me. Ay—work it did, like yeast in dough, till I nearly went crazy. I dassn't talk about it, for fear to give my own house a foul name, but I found a fam'ly as liked it, and they moved in . . . and out within six weeks. I let it again and again, for 'tis real pretty and the view is fine, but always folks left. Being poor, I did try living there again myself. I never went near them rooms this time, but I was looking for Aunt Ann night and day. I seemed to see her, thin, yellow, with wild eyes, staring out of window at the gibbet. . . .

'I left and come down here. The next fam'ly as had it were well-to-do. They engaged a couple of maids, but they couldn't keep 'em. During all these years I've held my mouth shut—'tis a terr'ble relief to speak out now—and the fact that I did live there helped. Neighbours said the servant maids was silly crack-brained creatures——'

'You have told us a dreadful story——' faltered Miss Susan.  
'We thank you.'

Mrs. Stares's pale thin cheeks flushed.

'You have no call to thank me,' she said sharply. 'I told you the story, because you ladies have the house on a long lease. Some folks with consciences 'd have told you afore you signed it, but Aunt Ann Turlet she had scared the conscience out o' me.'

'Good-morning,' said Miss Susan, taking the initiative with dignity. 'Come, Caroline!'

Miss Guntrip accepted the arm her sister offered. For the second time in their lives the sisters had changed places. Miss

Guntrip seemed to have grown old and feeble, as she leaned heavily upon Miss Susan's arm. Miss Susan, on the other hand, held her head higher, and her eyes sparkled softly, because she rejoiced to feel that bony hand clutching at her wrist.

They walked slowly up the hill till they came to George Henbest's cottage. Miss Susan, with an inarticulate word of excuse, left her sister and went in. Coming out, she was sure that Miss Guntrip would ask a question, but her sister said nothing, absorbed by her own thoughts. On arrival at Trodd's Corner, Miss Guntrip went at once to her chamber. She sat down by the window, muttering: 'Oh, the pride and hardness of that woman's heart!'

Presently, the carpenter strolled through the wicket gate, carrying his bag of tools. Miss Susan met him at the porch door, through which the pair passed, talking in low tones. Presently a sound of tapping, the monotonous thud of a hammer falling upon wood or stone, challenged Miss Guntrip's attention. This sound continued for more than an hour. Then a silence succeeded. Miss Susan was coming upstairs.

She came in and said quietly: 'I want you downstairs.'

Miss Guntrip burst into tears.

'Oh, I know what you've been up to, Susan, but it's no use as far as I'm concerned. I shall never feel comfortable in this house again. I guessed when you stopped at the carpenter's that you meant to consult him about bricking up that room. Well, for me, that will make it worse. I couldn't stand that. I really couldn't.'

'Come downstairs,' said Susan. 'I assure you that bricking up that room never occurred to me.'

Together they descended the stairs and passed into the sitting-room. The hearthrug was up, revealing a hole with a ladder leading into what seemed to be a cellar. The hearthstone, a thin slab of slate, lined and strengthened by stout oak planks, had served as a trap-door.

'Ephraim Turlet,' Miss Susan observed, 'was a mason as well as a smuggler. Henbest has gone for a lantern.'

'Susan—*she's* down there.'

'I guessed as much,' said Miss Susan gravely, 'when the woman spoke of a hiding-place. It is amazing that no one thought of looking before. Ah—here is Henbest!'

The carpenter was carrying a lighted lantern. His usually genial face looked pale and haggard. One might hazard a shrewd

guess that a conflict between curiosity and terror was raging within him.

'Here's the lantern, ma'am,' he said sheepishly.

'Give it me,' Miss Susan replied.

'You are not going down?' gasped Miss Guntrip.

'The lantern will go first, Caroline. There may be carbonic acid gas.'

She took a piece of strong twine from her desk and attached it to the lantern, which was then lowered carefully into the hole, till it rested upon some mouldering boards at the bottom of the ladder. The sickly ray of the lantern, piercing the dank obscurity of the cellar, revealed something else: a huge rat blinking with astonishment, and a pile of white rubbish. The rat scurried away. Miss Susan grew pale.

'Dear, dear!' she exclaimed. 'I can't face that rat.'

'I'll go down,' said Miss Guntrip, with something of her old authority.

'After me, ma'am,' said the carpenter. He flushed and stammered: 'The l-l-ladder may be r-r-rotten.'

Very cautiously he descended and disappeared. A second later the ladies heard a hoarse cry of terror. Henbest scuttled up the ladder, his face covered with cobwebs and sweat.

'What have you seen?' wailed Miss Susan, recoiling before the expression upon Henbest's face.

'What did you find?' Miss Guntrip asked trembling.

'I saw that heap o' rubbish,' said Henbest, 'and I felt of it. The first thing my 'and laid hold of were a skull—s'elp me Gawd! Why, ma'am, sure-ly, you ain't a——'

He stopped speaking and merely gaped his protest. Miss Guntrip was halfway through the hole, displaying an activity worthy of a girl in her teens. It may be conjectured that her joy at learning that Ann Turlet was dead put to flight her fear. What she saw and found may be best described in her own words—words not chosen at random, but carefully selected and matured by constant repetition.

'The cellar was small, very damp, and covered with a peculiar fungous growth which obscured all objects. I was able to recognise, however, a number of small kegs and some broken bottles. Subsequently, we found brandy in two of the kegs. The bottles not broken contained essence of rosemary. A great number had been broken either by rats, or, more likely, by the inevitable caving-in of portions of the cellar. When Henbest

opened the trap door, both he and my sister smelled a strong odour of rosemary, and the fungous growth I speak of had absorbed this odour in a remarkable manner. The shelf of rotting wood on which the bottles of essence had been piled smelled also of rosemary: I can only conclude that during a long course of years the essence, either through breakage or ullage, had saturated everything against which it had come in contact. . . .

At this point of her narrative, Miss Guntrip always paused: then, in a different tone, with an odd minor inflection in her voice, she would continue:

'At the foot of the ladder lay a pile of bones: what was left of the unhappy Ann Turlet. These were interred, but some were missing, carried away, doubtless, by the rats which infested the cellar. It is much to be feared that the miserable woman was destroyed by them. Evidently, she had used the old hiding-place as a bank as well as a cellar. Gold and silver coins were discovered in half a dozen places, carefully hidden. Upon the floor were a few crown pieces. We may presume that she had descended to hide these as usual, and that in the act of doing so the trap-door, so ingeniously hung, had been slammed to by a sudden gust of wind. She was too feeble to raise it from below. And so she perished—miserably, the woman who had slain two of her lovers. It may be that her soul was ransomed by the unutterable anguish of her body. . . .'

Miss Guntrip finished the story.

'At my wish we moved from Trodd's Corner that night, and never returned. Mrs. Stares cancelled our lease when she heard of the money in the cellar. There was enough to pull down the old house and build a row of cottages. My sister and I and little Lucy found a pretty retreat in the New Forest.' Then, after a perceptible pause, Miss Guntrip would always add: 'My sister and I admit that much of what took place at Trodd's Corner may be accounted for on natural grounds: the draught from the cellar, for instance, which made those fine wax candles gutter so sadly, and the smell of rosemary, but we agreed that some of our experiences transcended laws of which we have, perhaps, a too limited knowledge. It may be mere chance, but I passed Trodd's Corner the other day; and I saw a notice in the window of the last cottage but one, the cottage, so far as I could judge, which stands above the spot where the cellar is or used to be. The notice emphasised a strong presentiment on my part. The cottage wherein it hangs is: *To Let.*'



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